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MADRAS

THE HILLS

NIGHT after day;
A glimmer of the endless hills,
Fold on fold of blue and grey,
Stretching far away,
Mingling with the ghostly light
Of a moon-clad night.

Dawn after night;
Silver radiance in the sky,
Peak on peak of misty height,
Edged with golden light;
Purple splendours of the morn,
Another day is born!

Day after dawn;
Eternal hills for ever there,
Through the ages come and gone,
Sleeping on and on,
Pinnacles of blue and green,
Sun-steeped and serene.

Night after day;
The moon again above the hills;
But, in the human world, the day
Has taken friends away,
And still the hills look on and on
From dawn to dewy dawn.

Padmini.

England Through an Unbiased Indian Mind

By E. I. TAMPOE

AT the outset of this article, it is necessary to explain that it is being written from England in answer to an express request.

To those, who do not know England, I wish to say that (1) the conditions of life, (2) the climatic conditions and (3) the life in general here, are absolutely different from those in India.

In the Tropics, one has the warmth and brightness of burning Father Sol, which, despite some evil effects on one's health, do induce one to live an outdoor life all the year round. But in England, during the dark, dreary and bitterly cold winter months from November to February or March, there is not much attraction out of doors, and the concert-hall, theatre and cinema, or the fireside of one's own home, become the chief resort in the evenings.

It is well to bear the above in mind when reading what follows. One of the first things that impresses an Easterner, when he comes over to England, is the wonderful discipline everywhere. From babyhood, children are, as a rule, thoroughly trained, till in advancing years they realise that, no matter what it may cost them, they must conform to the high sense of discipline that pervades every walk of life. A second fundamental lesson taught here is stern independence. No matter how humble the position, English parents teach their children to find their feet as soon as they can and should. The maxim "Never say die, up man and try," runs as the strongest thread in the web of all their home-training and school-education. Even if a child of 2 or 3 falls down on the pavements, it is not always helped up by its mother or nurse, but is allowed to get up by itself. English girls or boys would scorn to be helped by others in anything that they could do for themselves and consider an offer of unasked aid almost an insult. Thus, care is taken to teach children from their infancy to do everything for themselves and not to expect to be waited on in any way.

A third and striking thing about the English is their wonderful system in every little detail of their lives. In Cambridge, one sees method the first year, practises it almost unconsciously the second, and perfects it the third.

Life in the West is more or less hectic even for the average person, and standards of living are much higher than in the East. The climatic conditions increase not a little the cost and difficulties of living. Modern contrivances like electric bells, gas-fires, cooking-stoves, hot and cold water laid on, vacuum cleaners for carpeted floors, telephones, and such like conveniences, doubtless minimise labour, time and energy; but even with all these, there is an appreciable amount of extra work in English houses as compared with those of the East. No brass or silver, for instance, keeps clean for over a week or two in the winter months. All linen and bedding have to be thoroughly aired before being used. Windows are always made of glass, which does not keep clean for more than a month. The open fires, that have to be laid daily, mean about half-an-hour for each fire every morning. Fortunately, houses are smaller and much more compact than in India, and modern houses are built even smaller than in pre-war days, while every possible care is taken to make them labour-saving. Such types of houses are comfortably run with a daily or occasional charwoman, who does the necessary rough work of scrubbing, polishing etc., so indispensable to every English home. All the walls are either papered, distempered or panelled, and all floors carpeted, tiled or covered with linoleum, which not only makes English houses

cosier, but also saves a fair amount of time by facilitating cleaning.

Owing to the cold and damp it is essential to avoid draughts, and this is done by keeping the windows and the one and only door of each room always closed. This naturally ensures absolute privacy, as even the one front door of every house has to be kept carefully shut. A ring of the bell outside every front door, or a knock on the back door (this is meant chiefly for tradespeople), is answered by the maid or an inmate, who has to let in every caller, be he a duke or the butcher.

A cosy room with a glowing fire, the greatest possible privacy, and almost absolute quiet, with only a maid or two moving about on carpeted floors, and not raising the voice above conversation pitch, all tend to help one to study, to pursue any branch of knowledge one chooses, or to do one's work in life with the minimum amount of disturbance. If one has the ill luck to live on a 'bus route or on one of the high roads, the lorries, motors and 'buses may affect one's peace and quiet considerably, but even that is nothing when compared to the unfortunate state of life ruling in an Indian household, where one is often compelled to feel that the more servants one has, the less is one their master!

The maids here, unlike the average Indian servant, are, as a rule, better educated, and far better-disciplined. They would no more ordinarily dream of flying, as of asking leave to attend weddings or funerals of friends and relations, or of leaving for any reason except illness, death, or marriage in their own families. They have their legitimate outings three or four times a week, usually agreed upon when they are first employed, and they rigidly keep to them. The English maid of today, like her English mistress, is a very independent individual. She does not seem to have any code of honour about pleasing her mistress, or of keeping the same place for long periods. If there is the least thing in any home where she is, that is not altogether to her liking, she gives a week's or month's notice and leaves. She does not stop to study her mistress' convenience, pleasure or orders, but off she goes and applies to another mistress, and strangely enough gets another place. This is so, chiefly because maids are hard to get and harder to keep. But I have been told by friends that this is only the post-war type of English servant. The pre-war maids were a part of the family, and took great pride in their work, worked much harder, and considered it a disgrace to change a situation they had once taken.

To the average Indian who lives a simple, quiet, and easy-going life on the whole, and to whom life has been slow, with little to do and all time to do it in, English life at first seems an unnecessary tremendous rush, eternally hustling and bustling and making the most of every fleeting minute. But this is the great secret of the English for keeping themselves mentally alert and physically fit. The cold and unique climate, coupled with the rapidly-advancing times in which they live and move and have their being, necessitates the expenditure of untiring energy. The struggle for existence is keener here than in India; and as competition is also keener, the nation as a whole has to work harder than Indians have to do. Yet, in spite of such keen competition, and in spite of class and denominational differences, and any other points on which they may differ, as a country and nation they have fully realised the great truth that "*In Union is Strength*," which we Indians have not yet been able to grasp. When there is a national calamity or crisis, or when sectional disagreements and factions arise, they stand together as one man. This seems to be chiefly due to the great sense of patriotism inculcated into children by their mothers and teachers.

They are also a very practical people, and are business-like to their very finger-tips; but this is carried a little too far till

they become so artificial and formal, that each individual appears to be only an integral part of a magnificent machine. Everyone is so busy that they have no time for anyone else, and this unceasingly full programme in life permits very little or no time for hospitality. This lack of time, the smallness of the houses, and the difficulty of squaring maids to do extra work in entertaining, act as a great handicap to the hospitality people in England would otherwise like to show. And this increasingly prevalent habit of not asking people, and especially foreigners, into their homes, tends to keep them what they are as a nation, insular in every sense of the word.

Most of the wrong impresssions foreigners—be they Easterners or Westerners—get of England and the English, are due almost entirely to the fact that they see the country and people here from lives in hotels, boarding-houses and the streets. The English home-life is very beautiful, the gathering round of all members of the family in the evenings by the fireside exerts great influence on the children as they grow up.

There is a good deal Indians can learn from English parents. The English mother is a well-educated woman, who never considers her own education at an end. On the contrary, even when her children begin to attend school, she does what she can to advance her own education, so as to be a real companion and help to her children as they grow up. If we, Indian mothers, could only realise the patent importance of this need of improving minds and keeping ourselves educated enough to be able to understand our children's growing needs and difficulties in their mental and intellectual worlds, we should be able to half-educate them ourselves. The innate idea of entrusting their upbringing and general education from their earliest years to schools and teachers is fatal.

A vital point in the education and careful training of disabled and defective children in England must be adequately emphasised. Even if a child is deaf or a cripple, or is handicapped physically in any way, he is sent to school, training school, or College just as much as any normal child. And in spite of any physical bar they do just as well as, and sometimes even better than, normal children. Some of the best musicians in the West are blind men and women. Men and women with only a left arm and hand can write and do many kinds of wonderful work, in no way inferior to that of any normal person. In India on the other hand, physically-defective children are regarded with foolish sympathy, that results in keeping the child at home and coddling it, till it is made to think that an unfair Creator meant it to be both ignorant and useless. Thus, such children naturally become burdens to themselves and society in general.

The English on the whole are high-principled and have a great sense of honour, which they will not sacrifice at any cost. They are true to their word, and as a rule absolutely to be relied upon. The average Englishman takes some knowing and understanding, as he is seemingly cold and reticent; but, when duly plumbed, reveals an individuality well worth knowing, and a friendship well worth making; once a friend he is always a sincere friend.

The English of today strike an Indian as restless, ever seeking and running after amusements and pleasures in a way that can only be described as pathetic and infantile. Their happiness in life seems to depend almost entirely on what they can see, hear or do, rather than on the treasures and realities of their hearts and minds. The almost insatiable hunger to see and hear, or to play, or go on the stage and be on the move in some way, in these days, is incredible.

To come back to an important way in which the English save time and conserve their energy – their cooking is easy and simple as compared with ours, which to my mind is unduly laborious and takes up a good deal of time. The food, though not so appetising perhaps as

our highly-spiced and elaborately-prepared dishes, is very wholesome and far more nourishing than ours. In a climate like ours, or at any rate, such as one experiences on the South Indian plains, where the months of February to April are hot, and May to September are hotter still, it seems necessary to have "savoury meats such as my soul loveth". But, in a unique climate like that of the green and pleasant land of England, a brisk walk or a short, breathless run or two for a 'bus, and the wonderful cold and crisp air, are all that are necessary for one's appetite and digestion. No more undue tickling of the palate is needed, than a sufficient amount of exercise and plenty of fresh air to ensure health.

The manners of the English are refined polite, though the real old type of the English gentleman is becoming rare. Even when people or things may be disagreeable, they couch all their remarks in polite and mild language. Thus, if what they mean is likely to hurt one's feelings, or jar on one in any way, they do not say what they mean: e.g.,—if someone shows them anything that is not quite their idea of beauty, they never reply, "Oh! how ugly," but say sweetly, "It is very pretty" or something equally charming and polite!! Their keen sense of humour and their sporting spirit in all things, call forth one's tremendous admiration. They tide over life's unpleasant, awkward events by treating them as a huge joke. And, instead of moping over past mistakes, they set to work at once to find out what is the next best thing to be done, and lose no time doing it. Thus, in no aspect of life, does one find them resting long on their oars.

They do not live much in the past, but work fearfully hard to help their country to advance in every possible way. Public opinion is so high that no mistake can be made and no wrong steps taken, without the papers voicing their opinion in very strong terms. That no country and no government can advance farther than its public opinion is a commonplace dictum; but the English have also *fully* realised that no nation can rise above its ***women***, who are the unconscious controllers of the future destinies of men. Therefore, they have worked untiringly for the absolute emancipation of their women and they have got it. Here, every girl is as well educated as every boy, and it is the women who do all the important ***social service***.

While we waste lakhs of rupees on indiscriminate and unorganised charity, which often results in more harm than good, the English with smaller funds achieve far more, because they organise all their social and charitable endowments remarkably well. The country abounds in Hospitals, Nursing Homes, Rescue Homes, Special Homes and Hospitals for children, Orphanages like Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Hospitals for leprosy, cancer and other incurable diseases, and so on. One never sees lepers or beggars in any part of the country, as they are not permitted on public roads or places, but are kept in asylums and alms-houses and well cared for.

It is remarkable also that no young men and women loiter about in the streets as a rule. If they do, the Police soon deal with them. Reading-clubs, or other kinds of general entertainments, are provided to suit the purses of nearly all classes of society; and, though the moral tone of the theatres and cinemas leaves something to be desired, most young people patronise them.

When our young men and women come over to the West (and they seem to do so increasingly every year), it is deplorable to find that they come to the conclusion that there can be a royal road to success. They seem to fail to see what tremendous discipline, education, organisation, and real hard work have been behind the England of today. Many of our young students, after a stay of 2, 3, or 4 years, or longer, return to our mother-country with wrong impressions and superficial ideas of Western culture, education and life. They

seem to miss the fundamentals (or ignore them, which is even worse than not seeing them at all), and only admire and absorb the useless froth floating on top. This simply means that they have more expensive tastes, (often without the means to satisfy them) and heightened ideas of luxury and of spending money, which are undoubtedly a source of trouble and concern to their people. If this is going to be the ultimate result of Western education for our men and women, one almost wishes they were never sent to the West at all. Their education in the West is, to say the least, a most expensive course, fraught with many and varied dangers to the young and the unwary.

The English consider all labour noble, and, no matter how wealthy or how well-educated and well-born a person may be, he will do any and every kind of job, (and take a pride in doing it). The utterly false idea of the dignity of labour in India is one of the greatest problems that should be tackled. Most of the Indians who come up to this 'Varsity do law, and when asked the reason why, say they want to do a "gentleman's job."

It seems to me (I fervently hope I may be wrong), that the present generation of Indians is trading on the past traditions of our great and wonderful country, and that they do not seem to realise either how stupendous, or how important, is the task that now lies before them. If, even now, instead of looking to the Britisher to solve our problems, and to Westerners to shoulder our burdens, we could begin setting our own house in order, and work out our own salvation as other countries and nations have done, the coming generations would have something to be proud of and be grateful to us for.

Our culture, as all the world knows, is one of the oldest and best in the Universe. Our Religions are among the oldest, our Art and Literature have been sought after by other countries, but, in spite of all this and other great traditions, we are sadly lagging behind in many ways. Why? Simply because, and perhaps only because, we have rested too long on our oars.

Our diseases have been carefully diagnosed time and again; the remedies are in our own hands, and if we fail to administer them correctly, we shall have none to blame but ourselves. We have wasted too much time and energy, blaming others for causes and results, for which we alone stand responsible. Shall we not join hands together from the North and the South, the East and the West; Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Jain, Zoroastrian and Christian alike, to *do* all we can, and not merely *talk* of what should be done? Then, and only then, shall we be able to hold our heads up, as a fine nation among other nations, and make good all that we have lost. The crucial test is not what our forefathers have been, and have taught us; but what heritage *we* are going to leave to the future generations of the Land of our Birth, Adoration and Love.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever!
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long!
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

— *Charles Kingsley.*

PSALMS OF THE SISTERS

By P. SATTHIANADHAN

AS long ago as the fifth century B. C., we find excellent poetry, written by Indian women, which has lived, and will live, through the ages. "The verses are attributed," says Mrs. Rhys Davids, in her very valuable little compilation, "*Psalms of the Sisters*," "in the tradition of the *Pali canon*, to certain eminent sisters or nuns (*Theri - Bhik - Khunis*) of the Buddhist order, and forming the second and smaller portion of the work entitled *Thera-theri-gatha*."

"The object of these sisters was to leave the attractions and sorrows of this world, [illegible] perfect happiness or *Nirvana*, [illegible] of boundless freedom [illegible]. With devoted hearts and [illegible] courage, these women of ancient India renounced all wealth and luxury and sought eternal release of the mind.

"So sit I here
Upon the rock. And o'er my spirit sweeps
The breath of liberty,"

sang one of the poetesses, and "in this dream-pageant of sisters of the antique world," is conjured up for us a picture of courageous souls who, with the lamp of universal love and truth held aloft in their hands, tried to dispel the darkness of the world around them, even while they set out in quest of their Eternal Father.

The motives which induced these sisters of old to renounce the world were varied. Many gave up their homes in order to escape from domestic trammels. Thus we hear of Mutta, the daughter of a poor brahmin, who was forced to marry a hunchback, but who found her life with him so unbearable, that she sought release from it by becoming a Buddhist nun.

"Ay, but I'm free from rebirth and from death,
And all that dragged me back is hurled away,—"

are her exultant words, after joining the sister-hood.

Another motive, which tempted women to become nuns, was the desire to have an opportunity to develop their separate personalities, which would not have been possible for them in the domestic obscurity of their married lives. Almost in every case, these sisters were influenced towards renunciation by the magnetic personality of a ransomed sister or brother, or through the inspiration of the Lord Buddha himself.

The verse to the "Exalted One" that Mutta wrote, when she left her home, runs as follows:—

"Get free, Liberta, free e'en as the moon
From out the Dragon's jaws sails clear on high,
Wipe off the debts that hinder thee, and so,
With heart at liberty, break thou thy fast."

It must be remembered that many of our earlier Hindu women poetesses, such as Mira Bai, in renouncing the world, looked on the Lord whom they sought, as their husband or lover. Thus Mira dedicated her life in self-surrender to the Eternal one:—

"*Kanh* have I bought; the price he asked I paid:
Some cry, 'too great,' while others jeer, ''t was small:'
I paid in full, weighed to the utmost grain,
My love, my life, my self, my soul, my all."

The sisters of the early Buddhist orders, however, did not look on themselves as brides of some supernatural being. The utmost relationship they claimed for themselves with their teacher, was to regard

themselves as daughters, seeking a universal fatherhood.

"Thou art Buddha! Thou art
Master! and thine,
Thy daughter am I."

By giving up their homes, these sisters "won the status of an *individual* in place of being *adjuncts*, however much admired, fostered, and sheltered they might, as such, have been." Moreover, their sex was forgotten, and they were one with their brother ***Arahants*** for, though the ***Bhikkhunis*** were technically junior to the ***Bhikkhus***, intellectually and by moral eminence, a ***Theri*** was still allowed to claim highest equality with her fraternity.

We hear, therefore, of one sister, Visalha, who, after winning ***Arahant-ship***, pondered on the joy of emancipation, and announced that she had won ***Anna*** or a state of "having come to know." She writes :—

"The Buddha's will be done! see that ye do
His will. An ye have done it, never more
Need ye repent the deed. Wash, then, in haste
Your feet and sit ye down aloof, alone."

Sangha, another sister, has composed the following Psalm ;—

"Home have I left, for I have left my world!
Child have I left and all my cherished herds!
Lust have I left, and ill-will too is gone,
And ignorance have I put far from me;
Craving and root of craving over-powered;
Cool am I now, knowing Nibbana's peace."

Such an achievement of eternal peace, which no calamity or temptation of the world can disturb or over-power, is a theme that will overcome the test of time and live for ever.

The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-sides dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

What Would Sita have done in the Modern World?

By KAMALA

I WONDER what Sita of the Ramayana would have done, had she been transported suddenly to the modern world by Ravana, her *Rakshasa* enemy, instead of to his fortress of Lanka,—not meaning of course that moderners are to be compared to *Rakshasas*, even though the "Brave New World" of Aldous Huxley might perhaps be likened to a demon-capital, as enclosed within its scientific overawing devices as ancient Lanka was within its barbarous barricades. But what of that? Is not the modern world trying to recapture some of the devices of the old world, in things like jazz, nudism etc.

Would Sita have lectured her present-day sisters as Katherine the Shrew lectured Bianca and the Widow? Would she have condemned them, for "offering war to men," for being "foul contending rebels", for "seeking for rule, supremacy, and sway"? Would she have bidden them recognize their inherent weakness "past compare", making their "lances but as straws, that seeming the most which we indeed least are"; their "soft conditions and hearts" so suited to their "soft, weak and smooth bodies, unapt to toil and trouble in the world?" Would she have commended them to "serve, love and obey" their "loving lords", who were their keepers, sovereigns and protectors, and to place their hands beneath their feet? I think not, not altogether in any case; for Sita, we know, sometimes liked to have her own will. Was not the dreadful war partly caused by her unappeasable longing for the golden deer, by her unnecessary anxiety for her god-like husband, by her ungovernable anger with Lakshmana for apparently leaving him helpless? Sita was independent, in spite of her submission, for the latter was the natural outcome and result of her love. It was her pleasure and her pride, more than her duty, to follow her husband and to submit to him.

But I am sure she would have hated the present-day demand for equal divorce rights with men. No doubt, she refused to return to Rama, even though he besought her to, after he had, without considering her previously-proved chastity and her expected motherhood, deserted her to please his subjects. But she preferred to return only to her mother. She did ask for separation; but she did so, partly because her duty was over in the world. Certainly she would never have craved for freedom to marry another man. Nor would she have demanded, I think, absolute equality with men. She would have recognized the limitations of women, their physical weaknesses, their differences of mental and spiritual attributes from men. She would have therefore asked women to attend to their special duties of home and children first, but after that, I am sure, she would have liked greater scope for them. As we know, she did not immure herself in her home, as the wives of Rama's brothers did, but followed her husband into wherever life was leading him. Moreover, she followed him into danger; and not often was she a hindrance to him in his great deeds. The point to remember is that she claimed the right to be with Rama, not to be his companion in arms, but to be his comfort and his solace. She tried to shed feminine softness and womanly charm on the difficult world; and that, I think, is what Sita would have her modern sisters do, even in affairs of great public import. The Imperial court of which she was the proud Queen later was, I am sure, a place in which she took an extraordinary interest. None could have blamed Sita, even if she had mildly flirted with Ravana in order to keep him in good temper; or if she had been so terrified of her demoniac surroundings and her dreadful situation, that she had given in to her enemy; or if she had been so drowned in despair and steeped in apathy, that she became deaf to all outside matters. But she was above all that. Instead, she kept Ravana absolutely at bay with her cold chastity, and she was so gallantly brave and composed and had such confidence in her husband that she was ever on the alert for messages from him and seized every opportunity for communicating with him.

I do no think, therefore, that Sita would have limited herself to the constant speeches on the platform of her modern sisters; she would have preferred something more practical. Nor would

she have cared for the excitement and bustle of the modern world, which mean life to so many women. She was happy in her desert resort and her sylvan solitude, albeit, they meant heavy manual work for her. Sita recognized there the dignity of labour. She, who might have reposed in the utmost luxury in her palace, loved to work like an ordinary drudge in the forest, where neither grand clothes nor expensive jewelry could be worn.

Sita recognized her duty to her elders. Never insolent to them, never arrogant of herself, never flippant in her youthfulness, she took such pleasure, in honouring her elders that she filled their hearts with love and respect for her. She showed also pleasant duty to those bugbears of modern civilization, namely, her mother-in-law and her sisters-in-law.

Sita in fact was a fine woman and a fine lady, whose strength lay in the loving chastity of her heart to her husband. I do not say that she could be called an altogether ideal creature, but she was a woman, take her for all in all. And that she was great enough to be a heroine, our literature has amply testified.

A Brief Sketch of the Rig Veda

By C. V. Narasinga Rao Saheb, Kandukur

IT is a fact well-known to all that there are four Vedas, viz., the Rig, the Yajur, the Sama and the Atharvan Veda. The *Rig Veda* is the collection of the hymns or prayers addressed by the *rishis* to the several deities of the Vedic pantheon. The *Yajur Veda* is the treatise which explains the rules, the way and procedure to be adopted in performing the several Vedic sacrifices. The *Sama Veda* is the same as the Rig Veda sung with musical melody. The *Atharvana Veda* is a miscellaneous treatise, wherein medicine, black art and such subjects are explained. Thus it becomes clear that the Rig Veda is the first and the foremost of all the Vedas, the original source of the great Vedic religion, and the first extensive treatise of the human race. Yet, many people, who profess the Hindu religion, have very meagre knowledge regarding this great book, some, even among the learned, considering it a sort of philosophical treatise, wherein all sorts of religio-philosophical subjects are elaborately discussed and explained, and others actually looking upon it as a compilation like the *Mahabharata* or the *Ramayana*.

On occasions of offering sacrifices to the gods or on the eve of a battle, the Vedic rishis were in the habit of addressing hymns to a special deity, like Indra, Agni, Mitra, Varuna and so on, and the God would present himself before the rishi and accept the *Soma* or other offering given to him. The hymn or prayer thus addressed to a deity is called a *Sukta*. The sukta or hymn is made up of a few or many verses, which are known as *richas* or *rics*, from which the Rig Veda takes its name. The Rig Veda is divided into ten books, which are known as *mandalas*. Each book or mandala is made up of about forty to hundred Suktas on an average.

The division of the Rig Veda into mandalas is generally based on the authorship of the suktas. As a general rule, the mandala is named after the rishi, whose sukta appears first in the mandala. Generally, each mandala consists of suktas composed by a great rishi and his sons and disciples. The first mandala is a miscellany, wherein the suktas of all the great rishis of the Rig Veda, though unconnected with each other, are put together. This mandala is known as the *Satarchin*. It consists of one hundred and ninety-one suktas. The second mandala is known as the *Gritsamada*, after the chief rishi, who composed the suktas of the mandala. It consists of forty-three suktas. The third is the *Visvamitra*, consisting of sixty-two suktas. The fourth is named the *Vamadeva*, and consists of fifty-eight suktas. The fifth mandala is named the *Gavisthira*, with eighty-seven suktas; the sixth the *Bharadvaja*, with seventy-five suktas; the seventh is the *Vasistha*, with one hundred and four suktas; the eighth the *Pragatha*, with one hundred and three suktas. The ninth mandala is a mis-

cellany, called the *Soma Pavamona Mandala*, containing one hundred and fourteen suktas addressed to the Soma deity by all the Vedic rishis. The tenth and the last mandala is again a miscellany containing one hundred and ninety-one suktas, and is known as the *Kshudra* or *Maha* mandala.

The Rig Veda states, in a general way, that there are thirty-three deities who should be worshipped by the Aryan man; but, if the deities mentioned in the Rig Veda should be counted one by one, there are more than double that number. There are two *Asvins*, who are said to be twins and who always go together. There are forty-nine *Maruts*, who also are in a group. We cannot however, be arithmetically critical in such matters; nor can we be logically certain of the position of the different deities eulogized by the devotee, though the Vedic rishis do affirm that the relative position of each deity should be determined by the attributes and the functions of that deity.

The Rig Veda classifies the thirty-three deities into three groups of eleven each. The first group, known as the *Adityas* dwell in the heavens (the *swarga*), the second group known as the *Rudras* dwell in mid-air (*antariksha*), and the third group known as the *Vasus* dwell on the earth.

The chief deities are Agni, Indra, Soma, Mitra, Varuna, Aryaman, Dyava-Prithivi, Vishnu, Savitru, Vayu, Brihaspati, Pushan, Rudra, Yama, Maruts and Asvins, while there are other deities of lesser importance. Every prominent rishi of the Rig Veda addressed hymns and prayers to the three first gods, adding special hymns to some of the other deities, who seemed to be their *Ishta devatas.*

(1) *Agni* was the household deity of all Aryans. He was invoked every morning and evening and on all important occasions in every household, such as marriages and child-births, and then offerings were given him in return for his favour and blessings. The worship of Agni is kept up even now on important domestic occasions.

It may be interesting to note here that the Parsis, a sister branch of the great Asiatic Aryan race, worship almost all the deities of the Rig Veda, regarding Agni as their chief God to whose favour abundant wealth and eminent position in the world are often ascribed.

(2) The next deity, who was most frequently invoked by the Vedic rishis, was *Indra*, the God of war. The Aryans, who settled in the Punjab, were surrounded on all sides by non-Aryan races, called *Dasyus* by them, who were very powerful warlike people and out-numbered the new Aryan settlers. There were constant wars between the two. On the eve of each battle, the chief priest of the Aryan king would invoke Indra and pray for victory, upon which we are told that Indra would appear and take actual part in the fight, thus securing victory for the prince. Indra was described as a lover of *soma* juice and of festivities.

(3) The deity taking the third place in the Rig Veda was *Soma*, the presiding God of the lunar orb, who was also described as the God of the vegetable kingdom. The creeper which yields the soma juice is also called *Soma*, the word being used indiscriminately to denote either the God Soma or the creeper Soma. The deity was invoked for health, wealth, long life and continued posterity.

(4) *Dyava-Prithivi* were a couple, Dyava being the male deity presiding over the earth. These two deities were described in the Rig Veda as the parents of all the other gods, being the nicest of them all; they were invoked for health, wealth, longevity, and abundant food for their devotees.

(5) *Vishnu* was described in the Rig Veda as the creator, sustainer and ruler of the three planes or worlds, which constitute the entire universe. He was the king of all the deities and the master of the highest heaven, wherein all gods and men, who attained salvation, dwelt in bliss for all eternity. The Vedic rishis prayed that they may attain this highest eternal bliss, and Indra often sought the help of Vishnu in his great exploits. Vishnu was also known as *Savitru*, when he was invoked as dwelling in the orb of the Sun.

(6) Vayu came next to Vishnu in the order gradation, and he was described as the most powerful and the highest of all the deities except Vishnu. He protected his devotees both here on the earth and also in the heavens, and was praised as the most bounteous giver of all

boons and also as the remover of sins. He was said to be lord of *Sabar dugha* (the nectar-yielding cow).

(7) Certain deities were known as the *Adityas* (sons of Aditi and Daksha) in the Rig Veda. The chief of the Adityas were Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman. Varuna was the god of law, justice and righteousness, who inflicted punishment on sinners and who removed the sins of those who asked for forgiveness. Mitra was the friend and protector of men. Aryamana was the deity of the morning and was praised as the giver of abundant gain to those who prayed to him. *Pushan* was another deity, who was said to be an Aditya. He was the guardian of paths and pasture lands, the protector of cattle, and the donor of abundant nourishing food to his worshippers.

(8) *Brihaspati* was also known as *Brahmanaspati*, the deity of sacred prayers, the father of the gods and of the Vedas, the giver of wisdom. It was he who came to be known as Brahma or Chaturmukha, described as always friendly to Indra. Sunruta Devi was his consort.

(9) *Rudra* was the God of soothing medicines, praised as a most powerful deity and as the bounteous giver of joy, health, wealth, strength and happiness. He was considered to have a wrathful disposition and the rishis always addressed special prayers to propitiate him. Prisni and Rodasi were said to be the consorts of Rudra.

(10) *Surya* was the deity who ruled over the solar orb, invoked as the deliverer from trouble and dishonour, the remover of sickness, the bestower of life and longevity.

(11) *Yama* ruled over the region where the *jivas* go after death. He was described as the son of Vaisvanara, which was another name for Surya. Yami was the twin sister of Yama. Yama was also the God of righteousness and justice.

(12) The *Asvins* were twin deities, being sons of Vaisvanara. These were the deities who were invoked by the Vedic rishis in all their troubles and misfortunes. They travelled in a car together and were the kindest of all the deities of the Rig Veda.

(13) The *Maruts* were storm-gods and were the sons (forty-nine in number) of Rudra and Prisni. They were also war-gods, and always accompanied Indra in battle against the *asuras* (demons).

(14) *Parjanya* was the God of rain. He was the brother of Indra.

(15) *Twasta* was the artisan God. He was the father of Bharati, the consort of Vayu. He was said to protect unborn children.

A description of the Vedic deities is not complete unless a short description of the Vedic goddesses is subjoined. *Dhishana Devi* was the Goddess of prosperity, the consort of Savitru, who came to be known as Lakshmi in the Upanishads and the Puranas.

Aditi was the consort of Daksha and the mother of the Adityas, being also said to be the mother of all the deities.

All the consorts of deities of the Rig Veda were goddesses. Indra's consort was known as *Indrani*, also called Sachi. Varuna's wife was *Varunani*; Agni's was *Agnezi*; *Rodasi* was the consort of Rudra; most of them were worshipped for granting wealth and fortune.

Ila, *Sarasvati*, *Mahi* and *Bharati* were goddesses, who were frequently invoked for all kinds of happiness and fortune.

Ushas was the Goddess of dawn and was the daughter of the God of heaven. She was highly praised in the Rig Veda as the giver of joy, abundant food, riches and longevity.

The Rig Veda says that the rivers were presided over by river-nymphs, who were each known by the name of their river. They were removers of sins and the bestowers of wealth and long life.

Sinivali was the Goddess who protected unborn children.

There were several other goddesses, like *Purandhi Devi*, *Sunruta Devi* and *Aramati Devi*, who were invoked to for peace and plenty.

To complete the picture of the Gods of the Rig Veda, there must be a short description of the *Asuras* (demons), who always gave much trouble to the Aryans, and to overcome whom the Vedic deities had often to be invoked.

(1) ***Vritra*** was the most terrible asura of the Rig Veda. He was described as a great dragon, and was the son of Danu and Oornavabha. ***Vala*** was the brother of Vritra and both were killed by Indra.

(2) *Sushna* was an Asura, who was the destroyer of harvests in the country of King Kutsa, and was killed by Indra.

(3) *Arbuda* was a demon dwelling in the sky and also killed by Indra.

(4) *Krivi* was a great asura, who hid in the clouds and caused famine by preventing rain. *Namuchi* was another demon who also caused famine, and both were killed by Indra.

(5) *Sambara* was a powerful king of the Dasyus (non-Aryan tribes), who surrounded the kingdom of Divodasa, a great Aryan King, with great fortresses. In answer to the prayers of Divodasa, Indra appeared, demolished the forts of Sambara and killed him. All the wealth of Sambara was given over to Divodasa.

(6) *Vangrida*, *Pippru*, and *Mrigaya* were three great Dasyu kings, who leagued together to destroy the Aryan king Rijisvan. They beseiged the kingdom of Rijisvan. Indra was invoked and appeared and destroyed them.

(7) *Chumiri* and *Dhuni* were two other Dasyu kings, who harried the country of Dabhiti. Indra saved Dabhiti from them.

The Rig Veda mentions the names of several other demons and Dasyu kings who were all killed by Indra, who was the protecting God of the Aryan race. Later, the Aryan Hindus deteriorated in their condition and neglected the worship of Indra. It is a strange fact that the asuras mentioned in the Puranas, like *Hiranyaksha*, *Hiranyakasipu*, *Ravana*, *Kumbhakarna*, are not mentioned in the Rig Veda.

"Let him, who hath conferred a favour, hold his tongue. In conferring a favour, nothing should be more avoided than pride."

—*Smee*

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"If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make misery for yourself out of everything God sends you, you will be as wretched as you choose."

—*Charles Kingsley*

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Demands of Women

IT is good to hear from time to time of the demands that woman are making for themselves. Such asservation of rights shows that the movement for the freedom of women is a living movement, gaining force as it goes on, and enlarging its bounds with each request. The announcement of the twelfth congress, at Istanbul, early in 1935, of the *International Alliance of women for suffrage and equal citizenship*, is a wide advertisement of this growing force; for it is meant specially to "strengthen the will to victory." From the time that the last Congress met in Berlin in 1929, women have won many victories, according to the declaration of the Alliance.

"In this period women went from victory to victory. We witnessed an enormous change in the position of women, their magnificent evolution in education and professions, and their enfranchisement as citizens. Within the last 20 years women from all parts of the world have taken their place in local and state parliaments, as civil servants in ministries and even as members of cabinets, as delegates to the League of Nations, the Economic Conference and the Disarmament Conference."

"Certainly complete equality has as yet not been attained even in the most advanced countries. But our work has benefited by the growing influence of women, covering as it has, not only the question of suffrage, but also the equal moral standard, equal conditions of work, the civil status of women, including the nationality of married women and the position of the unmarried mother and her child, and the great cause of Peace and the League of Nations."

But ideals, having changed somewhat after the War, require to be held up again. Let us consider some of the demands of women, remembering that to enforce satisfaction of them, reasonableness is needed! The most comprehensive of them is of course the demand for equality. "We must find the path into a world organized for peace and prosperity, on the firm basis of justice and equal responsibility for every citizen", says the International Alliance. Now what is the ideal really embodied in this demand? As the Alliance explains, non-equality means "a division of interests, with each sex holding sway in different departments of life". But what is needed is "a community of interests with every sphere enriched by the special contributions, which each may bring." Each sex has, without doubt, its own ideals in every department. Women, no less than men, are valuable human beings. Their "dignity, freedom and responsibility" have to be made use of, as much as the special capabilities of men. To quote from the *Illustrated Weekly of India*: "Whether by mistake or design, woman's differences of psychology and physiology have hitherto been considered as defects which unfitted her from taking a greater part in life's activities—and this view has debarred her from proving her merit. For ages, she has been the custodian of certain virtues all her own—and her freer participation in many walks of life now amply proves this. These contributions of hers have also profoundly influenced our outlook in many matters. She has put more tenacity in politics, more sweetness in business, greater liveliness and endurance in sports, and much softness in the pursuit of wild life—replacing the rifle with the camera. She immensely enjoys and also properly utilises the newer and newer responsibilities that are coming her way every day.

Without shutting herself up in a home to which man had to return for her solace and company, she now brings the smile of her face and the sunshine of her presence to where he works or plays—and thus saves herself and man from stagnation."

The same advice was given by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in Madras, when she advised the students of Queen Mary's College not to keep aloof from the world, but to mix with it

and co-operate with men for the good of their country.

But this demand for equality, though so justifiable, brings many knotty problems into the field. According to Mrs. Courtney, an Oxford woman graduate who is in city business, "women have entered all the professions now-a-days, with the exception of the church. All the needs of the world can be satisfied by women members of the community." Yet the fact remains, that women are not always welcomed into business by men. One reason is that women do not in practice live up to their cry of "equal pay for equal work", but try to undersell men with better work at less wages. Such underselling means not only unemployment for men, but also the increase of mass-machinery, which is killing the skill of craftsmen. Again, very often it happens that women are very unreasonable, not only claiming the old extra consideration of chivalry, in spite of equality in other matters, but also demanding more special privileges than those accorded to men for things, which may not be better than men's. This, to say the least, sounds very unreasonable indeed. As Mr. Molony said, in the *Hindu Illustrated Weekly*: "My own idea is that there probably are some things which a man can do better than a woman, some which a woman can do better than a man. In England the women have made the initial mistake of trying direct rivalry with men, of wasting their strength on things which in all probability a woman will never do as well as a man. The result has been disappointment for men and women alike. Indian women would do well to ponder on the mistakes which their sisters in the West have made." And one of these mistakes is the understocking in the West of the professions of home and mother-hood, which in many countries means the rapid decrease of population, leading eventually to atrophy from mere inanition, of many aspects of life, such as commerce, industry and defence of country. Why should not woman recognize her limitations and her special powers, and, even while gaining free scope for equality, refrain from antagonism with men? "Live and let live" should be her motto of life.

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SOME of the other demands of woman need much consideration. Coming down to details, there is the need for extended franchise for women. The Hindu quotes the remarks of a Member of Parliament on the subject. "Before England relinquishes her responsibility for the franchise in India, I hope action will be taken to improve the political position of Indian women. My experience on the Assam Legislative Council is that members there were genuinely sympathetic towards a wide franchise and reserved seats for women. Other Provinces are perhaps not so progressive in their views.

British rulers in India have always been reluctant to interfere with the religious customs of child marriage and the purdah, but most people with experience believe that India will remain backward until these customs are reformed. Such reform must depend upon the efforts of the better educated Indian women, but our responsibility still remains to grant them the political power to do so. Until the women of India are as free as their sisters in the West, all the people of India will suffer from a heavy handicap."

No doubt in France, women are not allowed at election offices and meetings; but the fact remains that in other countries women suffrage is being rapidly allowed. "In 1932 women had the vote in Iceland, Finland, Esthonia, Lettonia, Luxembourg, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Russia, England, all the British Dominions and the United States, in all, about thirty states, with one hundred and fifty million women electors."

We are very happy to hear that there are to be women contestors for the Legislative Assembly in India. Two lady candidates have offered themselves, Begum Alam and Begum Shah Nawaz, and it is noticeable that both are from the Mohammadan community, the women of which are mostly under *purdah*. It is to be hoped that more women will come forward. The following is the message of Begum Shah Nawaz to the women of South India:

"The time has come for us to organise ourselves well and prepare ourselves for taking an active part in the educational progress, social uplift and political emanicipation of our country. Unless we become a strong factor in the political life of the country, it will not be possible for us to achieve our economic

independence, which alone can make us self-respecting citizens of a great nation. We are all one. Join hands, work together and let the world see that Indian women possess, not only a spirit of self-sacrifice, but are also capable of achieving every thing. In self-knowledge lies the key to self-reliance and to sovereign power."

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THE field of *marriage* presents problems. There is the demand still being enforced, especially in London, for the equal employment of married women. How can women forget that marriage means the bearing of children, which the curse of Eve has made the special burden of women? And does not the birth of children mean special disabilities for business, for a time at least, on the part of the mothers? Some concessions have therefore to be made on both sides.

We hear from the *Hindu* that there is a proposal in England to institute *Marriage-menders* in Police courts, whose duties will be to conciliate parties and patch up disputes before they reach Court and, where such is not possible, to interview husbands and wives quietly and get their cases heard in Court more privately than now. But, contrary to this suggestion, is the proposed resolution of the National Council of Women to call for equal legislation in the matter of divorce for both men and women.

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THE Indian Red Cross Society is asking for more funds to carry out its beneficent programme—to stem the present appalling rate of infant mortality. This society is a definite organization with a definite niche in public development, and is helped by the State and by many philanthropic Indian gentlemen. We are told that ninety-six per cent of its members are Indians, and that it has representative committees in each Province of India. Its programme spreads over a wide field "including ante-natal work, child-welfare centres, nursery schools and Junior Red Cross health education activities among school children, and should provide also for the training and supply of midwives, nurses and health visitors."

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THE Lady Irwin College for women is appealing for more funds, in order to extend its course to arts and crafts and cottage industries. Its statement says: "The authorities feel confident that an institution, which seeks to provide teachers trained to teach Domestic Science subjects and the necessary equipment for women who are anxious to be cultured, well-informed and accomplished wives and mothers, with a high standard of responsibility, will commend itself to thinking men and women, to educational experts, to business firms who appreciate the importance of a good family back-ground on the part of the responsible members of their staff, and in short to all who have the highest interests of India at heart.

All contributions will be most gratefully received and should be sent to Lady Bhore, Windcliff, Simla."

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NOT to be forgotten is the appeal in Madras by the Women's Indian Association to the Government for the continuation of free education to poor girls, as before up to a certain standard. No doubt such a demand has some inconsistencies, but it emphasises the need for increased education for women. As the delegation said, "Unless we produce a sufficient number of educated women, it is not possible to bring about a change in our social conditions."

As the *Madras Mail* remarks, "education must precede reform, such education as will lead to the creation of a public opinion, demanding and enforcing the reforms desired." It is imperative also that the education given be of the right type, and that definite proposals be made about such, after consultation with educated, as well as *uneducated* folk. Another thing which is very necessary in India is educational travel for women, on the lines of the three months' tour of Europe lately carried on by Mrs. S. K. Datta. Experience of other countries and international interests, will create broad-mindedness and culture in our women.

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A DEMAND of social reform in connection with the protection of minor girls, was lately discussed in the Legislative Assembly. Mr. Raghbir Singh's proposal to refer the bill for the purpose to a select committee was turned down after some discussion and much opposition, part of which was that such legislation

would "penalize honest endeavours to marry children." The Government view was that "the bill was impracticable, unnecessary, and likely to do more harm than good." One must agree to a part of this dictum as there is already in existence a law making the disposal of girls for immoral purposes punishable with ten years' imprisonment. There is also the difficulty of defining the word "sale," as the dowry question will have to be considered. Moreover, different communities resent the bill as too wide. As regards the other parts of the bill, the Sarada Act already legislates against the marriage of minor girls.

It is certainly necessary that reform in this direction must come from the general public itself. Steady growth of public opinion can accomplish more than legislation, and what should really be done now is to see that the already existing laws should be carefully observed. Each one must check his neighbour. I think it is time that Indians recognize that social reform depends more on themselves than on Government. Associations can do much by quiet and intensive work to mould public opinion, instead of asservating rights in a loud voice and claiming legal protection, which one must admit sometimes works against the case in point, not only by a violent reaction, but also by the definite decrease of individual responsibility, because of an outside protection.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's Visit

THE visit of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu to Madras has been attended with much interest. Before she became a politician, she was a poet, and before anything else a great woman. We might say to her with the Women's Indian Association:

" You are a pride and an honour, not only to our sex but also to our country.

You have fully demonstrated to the world the Hindu ideal and the Hindu conception as expressed in the symbolic deity "Arthanariswarar," that women are not inferior to men, but equals, and can equally distinguish themselves in all fields of human activity ; nay, more than that, you are a living embodiment of what women are capable of achieving in the realms of literature, poetry, and politics, etc.

Your wonderful oratory has won the admiration of the world. Your name is known to the furtherest corner of this world and the very mention of it moves thousands of hearts to feelings of joy and pride. By your rare genius, you have raised the status, not only of Indian Womanhood, but also of the Womanhood of the whole world, which claims kinship with India through your unique personality."

Mrs. Naidu has often given valuable advice to Indian women, as for instance when she advised them to specialise in special lines of work and make themselves necessary to their country, to throw off " studied humility " and to incorporate harmoniouly into their own culture all that was best in Western civilization.

All India Women's Conference

WE have just been sent this report to review, which is very carefully got up, and which makes very good and interesting reading indeed. The cost of each copy is Rs. 1/8, and can be had at the office of the Hon. Organising Secretary, All India Women's Conference, 9, Lower Rawdon Street, Calcutta.

The A. I. W. C., has, as its patronesses, H. E. the Lady Irwin, H. H. the Maharanis of Baroda, Mayurbhanj, Cochin, H. H. The Begum of Bhopal, the Ranis of Vizianagaram and Mandi, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi, Mrs. P. K. Ray and Lady R. Nilkanth. The president is Lady Abdul Quadir and the Chairwoman Rani Lakshmibai Rajawade. As we know, the aim of the A. I. W. C. is " the bringing about of social and educational reform among the women of this country". In pursuance of this object, many have been the efforts both in India and in England to secure their rightful place and status in the future constitution for women, attention being specially directed to full adult franchise, direct election on a non-communal basis to Councils and Legislatures, and equality in public services. It is worth notice that the election of women to public bodies, such as the Punjab Legislative Council, the Travancore Legislative Assembly, the Patna University Senate, and various municipalities, corporation committees and Magistracies, has followed this spade-work.

There have been other activities also of the A. I. W. C. towards compulsory primary education, mass and free education, co-education, vocational training, a change of curricula for girls, and the provision of play-grounds, hostels etc. for them. The Lady Irwin College was opened in 1232, and requires more help. There has been work done also towards the removal of untouchability, a good proof of which was the presence of two Harijan members in the open Conference. Hindu women's legal disabilities and divorce in-equalities, have also received attention. A Swadeshi exhibition was successfully organised. The furtherance of temperance, flood-relief help, Maternity and child-welfare work, free medical aid and the furtherance of birth-control, have been some of the other labours done.

The report contains the addresses of several well-known people, like Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Professor Radhakrishnan and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, who spoke at the conference, in addition to the office-bearers. Then comes the account of the Conference, with all the various reports read and the Resolutions proposed, the Constitution and regulations of the A. I. W. C., closing with some warm messages of approval and sympathy.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the A. I. W. C. must be supported by all the women of India, if they wish to make orderly progress towards emanicipation and reform. The time has come indeed for women to take gradually greater part in the improvement of our land. As Dr. Tagore said in his speech :

" Woman has her natural power that penetrates through the surface to the heart of things where, in the mystery of life, dwells an eternal source of interest ; and therefore her love has not necessarily to wait for the excitation of surprising qualities. God has sent women not merely to explore or exploit, but to love the world which is a world of ordinary things and events.

Therefore, woman must come into the bruised and maimed world of the individual ; she must claim each one of them as her own, the useless and the insignificant, the lowliest and the lost. She must protect with her care all the beautiful flowers of sentiment from the scorching laughter of the science of proficiency. The world with its insulted individuals has sent its appeal to her. These individuals must find their true value, raise their heads in the sun, and renew their faith in God's love through woman's own love. The future Eve will lure away the future Adam from the wilderness of a masculine dispensation and mingle her talents with those of her partner in a joint creation of a paradise of their own. The rudely-elbowing age of relentless rapacity will give way to that of a generous communion of minds and means, when individuals will not be allowed to be terrorised into abject submission by idealistic bullies compelled to lose their own physiognomy in a gigantic mask of a nebulous abstraction."

But it is only profound sincerity, that can do the work needed. Prof. Radhakrishnan emphasised this point, when he said :

"The great majority of altruistic-minded people acquire a sense of satisfaction that they are doing their bit, when they enrol themselves as members of social reform associations or fellowship organisations or subscribe to their funds. It is all splendid work, and far be it from me to minimise its value. But what is it when compared to that more important task of deepening one's own life and making it worth while ? A human soul reveals itself to another only in love and sympathy and not in answer to questionaires and in mental clinics. It yearns for warm love and is repelled by cold curiosity. Go through a day with calm and serenity and understand the hearts of men and women you meet with, and look on the world with their eyes, and you will do more for society than by working at office desks or distributing pamphlets at public meetings, or going about with a little note-book and a bit of pencil. Social reconstructions will follow, if you undertake the less exciting but more exacting task of individual re-making."

A Noble Lady

CHITTOOR lost one of its most sincere and devoted social welfare workers in the death, which happened recently, of Mrs. Subbarathna Ammal, the widowed daughter of the late P. Narasimhayya who was a respected pleader and ardent Theosophist of this place. The deceased lady was herself a keen Theosophist and latterly took to social welfare work in the town, in a spirit well worthy of praise and with an energy and enthusiasm which we have

Miss Vishini Jagasia of Karachi.

There are very few child stars in the Indian film world, where the combination of natural acting, clear enunciation, fine appearance and trained and melodious singing of classical music, is hard to find. Though only twelve years old, Miss Jagasia, however, is expected to satisfy the public taste in these particulars. She belongs to an aristocratic family of Sindh, and has been allowed by her parents to appear in the film world, against all the wishes of their society. Her first picture, "Prem Parikota," is expected to be released early next April in Bombay.

At the celebration of the 73rd birthday of Dr. Tagore in Karachi, the prize for musical competition was won by this talented girl.

We wish her all success in her ventures.

PHOTOS: THE INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAM

Miss Norah Hill,
India's Delegate to the Red Cross Conference, and the Secretary of the Indian Red Cross Society, Delhi, who will represent India at the 15th International Red Cross Conference to be held at Tokyo shortly.

Miss Indumati Jewari
obtained the highest percentage of marks in Sanskrit among the successful candidates at the B. A. examination of 1933, of the Benares Hindu University. She was awarded a gold medal at the recent convocation of the University. She has been appointed to the teaching staff of the C.H. Girls' School, Benares. She is preparing for the M. A. of the same University.

hardly seen excelled anywhere. She started and ran for nearly 3 years an elementary school intended specially for the children of fishermen, shepherds and other classes, who do not ordinarily send their children to any school and it was well known that solely owing to her indomitable faith and indefatigable exertions, the school which started with 3 pupils rose to contain more than about 50, with two besides herself on the teaching staff.

She was also taking considerable interest in the work of the Baby Welcome Home, Chittoor, which she visited more frequently than any other member and where, besides being useful otherwise, she used to take great pleasure in teaching songs etc. to the comparativly older children who attend the centre.

Her services were equally valuable to the Ladies' Club as its Treasurer for some time and as one of its most active and energetic members always.

The four years or more, during which the pious and self-less lady has been wholeheartedly working for the amelioration of women and children in this town, have not perhaps been enough to achieve anything dramatic. But, the spirit, in which she threw herself heart, and soul into the work of social welfare, calls for recognition and gratitude and it is hoped her life will be an example for others here to follow and an inspiration for their future strength.

Her picture is included in the Chittoor Ladies' Club group.

"Look to the Rose that blows about us— ' Lo,
Laughing,' she says ' into the world I blow:
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear and its treasure on the garden throw."

* * * *

" The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—wit prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

* * * *

The moving finger writes and having writ
Moves on, nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

—From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

LECTURE AT EDINBURGH

By Begum Sultan Amiruddin

BEGUM Sultan Amiruddin, wife of Mr. Mir Amiruddin, District and Sessions Judge, Madras Presidency, who made a study of the social work that is being done in the West and who was taken round by The Lady Cynthia Colville, Lord Goschen and others to a number of social welfare centres, hospitals, maternity clinics, and educational institutions in England, was invited by the *All, peoples' Association*, Edinburgh on the 11th August to deliver a lecture on "India's Womanhood". Prior to this, Begum Amiruddin spoke at different meetings at different places in England, enlightening the people of that country about India and Indian women. Miss Wrench, the President of the Association gave a delightful 'At Home' to the Begum and, when welcoming Mr. and Begum Amiruddin, introduced the latter as one of the pioneers of Muslim female education in India, and narrated how, despite the fact that she had given up purdah only a few months ago, she had all along been doing very useful work for the uplift of India's Womanhood. She said it was a great pleasure to have an Indian lady of such distinction and attainments in their midst.

Begum Amiruddin in her speech at the outset dwelt on the position of Hindu women during the Vedic Age. She pointed out that India was the seat of early civilization and culture, and women during those early days had full proprietary rights and there was no restriction hampering their freedom of movement. Even Manu, who by some reformers is deemed to have been an enemy of womankind, is said to have proclaimed: "Where women are honoured, there the Gods are honoured, and where they are not honoured all rites are fruitless."

With regard to Muslim women, she pointed out the reforms effected by Islam in their position. Prior to the advent of Islam, women were looked upon as the most degenerate section of society, and they not only had no right to inheritance, but they themselves were subject to inheritance, and after a man's death, passed on to his heirs like other goods and chattels to be disposed of by them at their will. But, with the advent of Islam, an immediate transformation was effected. The Prophet Mahomed, who was the greatest champion of women's rights, granted to women the right of inheritance, made her a free agent in matters of marriage and declared her to be an entity in herself, capable of acting independently on her own account after the attainment of majority. Hence, even after marriage, a Mahomedan woman has had, ever since the past 1300 years the right of disposing of and alienating her property herself and of entering into contracts and agreements—rights which were witheld from English women until the passing of the Married Women's Property Acts during the latter half of the nineteenth century. A Muslim woman, when she marries, does not lose her individuality, and her existence does not merge into that of the husband. She retains her own personality, her own property and her own name, the custom of adopting the husband's name on marriage being still alien to Indians, both Hindu and Mahomedan.

The speaker then traced the history of the purdah system and pointed out how, owing to uncertainty of conditions in India and owing to the development of a sense of chivalry in the East in a different direction from that in the West, women began to assume the veil and

gradually seclusion became a mark of respect and nobility. She also demonstrated that the life of women purdah is not as unbearable and a life of enslavement, as was imagined by foreign visitors who were wont to describe purdahnishin women as degraded human beings. The Begum said that she had been in purdah all her life, and that she and her three sisters had taken their degrees in purdah, and that among purdahnishin women one could find authors, poetesses, social workers etc. Nevertheless, she stated that this custom served as a drag to any useful work that women could do and was a great hardship to the poorer classes. It was therefore, a happy sign that the stringency of this custom was being relaxed to a great extent in the country.

She next dwelt on the social evil of child marriage, and the steps that are being taken to eradicate this custom. She pointed out that the root cause of all the social evils prevalent in the country was the lack of education among the masses. When illiteracy was conquered, most of the ills from which the body politic was suffering form would disappear by themselves.

Begum Amiruddin then gave an account of the advance made and the work done by the women of India and demonstrated how everywhere the old order was changing, yielding place to the new. It was a common sight to-day in India to see women taking to professions—medical, educational, legal etc., serving on Municipal and Local bodies and acting as Honorary Magistrates. She also pointed out that Madras was the first country (if it might so be called) that appointed a woman as Deputy President of its Legislative Council. During the past generation, a number of Colleges for women had sprung up throughout the country, and at the various Indian Universities, she said there was absolutely no distinction between men and women. She regretted the ban that is still placed on women at the University of Cambridge, which she had recently visited, and expressed the hope that in this advance age such restrictions would soon be removed. She stated that the Madras University had to-day women in all its bodies, including the Syndicate.

Modern India as a whole, and the Government of the country, Begum Amiruddin went on to say, was generous to women and took into consideration their claims in all schemes for the country's advancement. But, she observed, while women were being accorded wholehearted support and encouragement, the general opinion seemed to be that the modern woman should exercise her discretion as to what to adopt of the novel ideas of to-day and what to reject. She stressed the fact that Indian women in their advance wished to preserve in themselves a spirit of enquiry along with a spirit of criticism, so that the quintessence of ancient and modern occidental and oriental wisdom might be discovered and developed in accordance with the needs of the times and of their country. Indian women, while keen in participating in the civil and public life of their country, had never favoured the disruption of home life, as family life has always remained a very strong feature of India. The women of India, she stated, had made a niche for themselves in the history of their country in the past and, if they proceeded with due caution, eschewing excesses, their present advance inspired great hopes for the future.

In conclusion, Begum Amiruddin said that during her stay in England she had the pleasure of coming in contact with several great minds and was particularly impressed with the social work that the women of this country were doing and

with the desire of British women to help the women of India in every sense possible. She promised to convey to the women of India the former's message of friendship and good-will.

Nambudiries and Widow Marriage

By M. Narayana Nabudiri

The thirteenth of September, nineteen hundred and thirty four, ought to be a red letter day in the history of the Nambudiri community, as on that date occurred the first widow re-marriage in that Community. Attended by representatives of more than half a century of Nambudiri *Iloms* and members of other influential communities of Malabar, Cochin and Travancore, the function came to a close with showers of congratulations from far and wide.

Besides Nambudiries, the Senior Rajah of Nilambur, L. R. Raja Raja Varnathampuram of Lakshmipuram Palace, Travancore, Rama Varma Thampuran, Ex-Principal of the Zamorin's College, Calicut, Mr. and Mrs. K. Ayyappan, B. A., M. L. C., Cochin State deserve special mention among the approving guests, though this marriage, the first of its kind, was unostentatiously celebrated with the minimum ceremony possible.

Everything was organized by V. T. Raman Bhattathiripad of "Rasika Sahan" Trithala, the leader of the Nambudiri Reform Movement. The bridegroom, Mr. M. R. Bhattathiripad, comes of an ancient and aristocratic Nambudiri Illom of Malabar; he is a talented writer and a capable social worker. The bride, Srimati Uma Devi, is the younger sister of Mrs. V. T. Raman Bhattathiripad, and the widow of the late E. V. Narayanan Nambudiri, a near relative of one of the six Vaideekans of the community. In spite of strong disapproval from the families and relatives of both the bride and groom the couple deserve congratulations from all social workers, especially when one understands the dreary circumstances under which a Nambudiri widow is fated to live.

A widow is doomed to unhappiness. She can have no education, no travel, no going out of her *Illom*, no amenities of modern life. She is a burden to the family of her parents and later to that of her husband. She merely exists, with penances and fasts, with teardrops shining on her young cheeks. And a widow, according to the old law, must always be a widow, howsoever young she is. Yet a widower can get married the moment after his wife's death and no priests or Vaideekans dare ostracise him. Indeed, a man can marry as many times as he wishes, even during the life-time of his first wife. Thanks to the persevering activities of reformers in Malabar, however, the Madras Nambudiri Act, XXI of 1933 has checked this polygamy to some extent; but a widow is still a widow; she can't marry. If she does get herself married, she will be outcasted and denied all help from her community.

We are glad, therefore, that Mr. and Mrs. Bhattathiripad have taken a bold step to break this practice in our rigid community

A TALE OF LUCK

(Retold by S. K.)

DURING the year 1321 A. D., when Sultan Ghyasuddin wore the crown of Delhi, there lived at his court a Brahman, called Gangu, who was employed as one of the Imperial astrologers. He had a poor Pathan peasant as his servant, who was very honest and industrious. One day he complained to his master that his wages were insufficient for his livelihood. The Brahman had for him a warm corner in his heart, and gave him a couple of farm-bullocks, along with a piece of land adjoining the battlements of the city, as a free-hold for cultivation.

One day, as Hassan Khan, the servant, was ploughing his field, he suddenly struck against something hard in the earth. The plough was held fast. He pulled and pulled with all his might, but could not release it. He then began to dig into the earth and found a chain which had held his ploughshare fast. The chain was fastened to the mouth of an earthern pot which the peasant pulled out of the earth. His wonder knew no bounds when he discovered in the vessel a dazzling heap of gold Mohurs and small bars of gold metal. He carefully covered the vessel with a piece of cloth and put it away, and then went on ploughing the field. When the evening came and his work was done, he took the vessel with him and presented it to his master, saying that he could not lawfully claim a thing which was found in his master's field. Then he quietly went home. This instance of Hassan's straightforward integrity carved its way deep into the heart of the Brahman, and the next day when he attended the court he related it to the heir-apparent, prince Junan Khan, who later became Mohammed-bin-Tuglak of Delhi. The prince was pleased and recommended the Pathan to the king for the post of Mansab-i-Sada or the Mansabdar of one hundred.

As he sat alone one day, Gangu muttered to himself that a man like Hassan, whose integrity had survived such a crucial test, was sooner or later bound to rise to a high pinnacle of prosperity. He prepared his horoscope, which unveiled the fact that Hassan would be king one day. The Brahman told Hassan that in the annals of history his name would be written in letters of gold, and that, in order to give equal permanence to his master's name, Hassan should add the word 'Gangu' to his own name. He further requested that, if his prophecy came true, Hassan should make him his vizier as well. To all this Hassan readily gave his assent, and thenceforth, instead of Hassan Khan, he styled himself Hassan Gangu.

Having first seen the light in the year 1290 A. D. (689 A.H.) he was then about 30 years old. It so happened during those days of which we are talking, that Khwaja Nizamuddin Ghishti, a famous saint of Delhi, celebrated the anniversary of his spiritual guide with a great feast to which were invited all the inhabitants of Delhi and its suburbs, poor or rich, high or low, prince or beggar. Prince Junan Khan was one of the guests, as was also Hassan Gangu. But, due to reasons best known to himself alone, Hassan reached there rather late. The feast was over, and nothing was left for him. The Khwaja welcomed him, saying "One king has gone, yet the other has come," and offered him the barley-bread which was his only food. While offering it to Hasaan, he supported it on his index finger, saying "It is the crown which will be bestowed on thee by Providence in the Deccan." This prophecy gave further strength to Hassan's hopes and he began to think of the ways by which he might attain his ambition.

In the year 1343 A. D., Mohammed-bin-Tuglak went to the Deccan, and appointed Qutlagh Khan, who was his tutor and an

experienced courtier, as the Subehdar of Daulatabad, permitting him to select his officers himself. Hassan Gangu, who had accompanied the king and who had been already waiting for such an opportunity, by various means curried favour with some of the courtiers and was permitted to remain in the service of Qutlagh Khan, who assigned to him the Jagirs of Mauza Kunja and Pargana Rai Garh.

Students of Indian History know very well that Mohammaed-bin-Tughlak was a hard task-master, who might have been called a tyrannical despot. His harsh treatment roused rebellions in different provinces, especially those of Malwa and the Deccan.

In 1346, the king appointed Aziz, one of his chamberlains, the Governor of Malwa, in order to crush the power of the Mansabdar-i-sads (Mansabdars of one hundred) who had grown very turbulent and were a perpetual source of trouble. Aziz proved to be very truculent in his treatment of others. He called an assembly of the Mansabdars or Amirs by a ruse, and repeated the day of St. Bartholomew in India. But this cold-blooded massacre found its echo in the rebellion of the Amirs, who rose like one man and avenged on him the death of their comrades. Aziz was beheaded, and Muqbal Khan-i-Jehan, the vizier of Gujarat, who was carrying to Delhi the royal treasury and some horses for the king, was robbed on the way. When the news reached the ears of Tughlak, he was infuriated, and, took up in person the command of his army, which proceeded at once towards Malwa and Gujarat. The Amirs offered but a feeble resistance near Gujarat, and they were chased right up to the banks of the Nerbudda, where they were almost annihilated, while those who had escaped sought refuge in the Deccan and began to preach rebellion everywhere.

At that time, Alimul-Mulk, brother of Qutlagh Khan was the Subehdar of the Deccan. He was an easy-going man of somewhat indifferent nature. Hence the Amirs there took advantage of his mildness and gave shelter to some of the refugees. But, when the king learnt of this, he at once dispatched to him two of his Generals, Ahmed Laa-Cheen and Malik Sarjamedar, who asked him to send those Amirs with them to the king who was then in Broach. Alimul-Mulk complied with the orders of the king and surrendered the refugees. Hassan Gangu was one of them; and Ahmed Laa-Cheen and Malik Sarjamedar, in their blind greed for wringing money from the hapless prisoners, treated him as one of the chief mischief-mongers. The captive Amirs, suspecting that a trap of death was being laid for them, refused to proceed further than the town of Manak Dun; and finally drew their swords out in defiance. In the fierce fight that ensued, Ahmed Laa-Cheen lost his life, but Malik Ali Sarjamedar escaped unhurt.

The Amirs returned to the Deccan and declared themselves against the king. To their standard flocked all the recalcitrant nobles. They laid seige to the fortress of Daulatabad. Imadul-Mulk, (a Turkoman by birth) the son-in-law of Mohammad-bin-Tughlak, who was the Generalissimo of the Berar and Khandesh armies, lived at that time in Ellichpur. His army being demoralized, he could not proceed towards Daulatabad to quell the rebellion. His men were in fact very discontented and were looking for an opportunity to take arms against their own general and the king. Imadul-Mulk's life was in danger, and with the pretext of going on a shooting expedition he escaped one day to Sultanpur. It was too late for his nobles to realize that their prey had slipped out of their hands. Nevertheless, they marched towards Daulatabad and joined hands with the rebels. Alimul-Mulk was betrayed through the treachery of a chief; but, as he was known to be a saint, nobody molested him and he was allowed to escape whithersoever he desired. The fort was then ransacked and the imperial treasury looted.

Rebellion had spread like wild-fire all over the Deccan, and every general was the undisputed commander of his army.

Realizing the confused state of affairs and the heterogeneous nature of the rebel army and its consequent weakness, the Amirs resolved to restore order and solidarity, so that they might be in a position to offer strong resistance to the disciplined army of Mohammed-bin-Tughlak. Ismael Khan, an Afghan, who, besides being an experienced and fearless soldier, owned a big Jagir in the Deccan and also held the rank of Mansabdar of two thousand, was chosen to lead the rabble army to victory. Ismael had a brother, Malik Gul, who, as an officer in the Imperial army, was at that time with the troops in Malwa, who had preferred Ismael to others, under the impression that in times of need Malik Gul was bound to help his brother.

Ismael now ascended the throne of the Deccan with the title of Nasiruddin Shah. He proclaimed the independence of the Deccan, and distributed the country amongst his various nobles for the sake of good administration. To Hassan Gangu fell the Jagirs of Hegri, Rai Bagh, Mirch, Kilhar and Gulbargh. This took place in the year 1347 A. D. and thenceforth Hassan Gangu styled himself *Zafar Khan Bahman Shah*.

Mohammed-bin-Tuglak flew into a passion when he heard of the success of the rebels. In a paroxysm of rage, he hurriedly collected his army and marched from Broach to lay seige to the fortress of Daulatabad. Ismael was sorely beseiged, while the nobles, on whom he so much relied, engaged themselves in sacking, pillaging, burning and ravaging the country around, leaving their chief alone. Hassan Gangu quietly went towards Gulbarg. The king sent his commandants to crush the rebellious nobles. But, just at that time, he heard that a fresh rebellion had broken out in Gujarat. Leaving Qyamuddin, one of his nobles, in charge of 10,000 men to punish the Deccanees, he moved away to Gujarat. It was a golden opportunity for Hassan Gangu, "Strike while the iron is hot", he thought, and with a well-equipped army of 40,000 men he marched from Gulbarg. The first resistance offered to him was from Imadul-Mulk, the Governor of Bedar, who was known to be a fearless and reckless soldier. A pitched battle was the result and though for a time the plane of victory inclined towards Imadul-Mulk, his men at last gave way, and Imadul-Mulk, who fought like a wounded lion, was caught eventually in the trap of death. His men lost heart and fled pell-mell in confusion. Hassan Gangu was now the supreme master, for his victory seemed a miracle and a favour from God.

He routed his enemies on his way to the fortress of Daulatabad, whither he was proceeding to release Ismael Khan. The Imperial army was too small to offer strong resistance to his men, who quietly left for Gujarat. Thus, Hassan Gangu triumphed over heavy odds. Ismael then came out of his fortress and proceeded to Nizampur to receive Hassan Gangu. Nizampur was about six miles away from the fortress of Daulatabad. All the Amirs of the Deccan assembled and for fourteen days celebrated the God-sent victory.

Hassan Gangu was a man of winning manners and pleasing mien. Unassuming and straight-forward, he had endeared himself to all around him. He was now the uncrowned king of the Deccan, and all his men regarded him as their sole master and benefactor. Ismael, realizing that, as he had not inherited kingship, sooner or later he was bound to make way for the ambitions of Hassan Gangu, called a council of the nobles and told them in trembling tones that he had seen many winters and was too feeble to bear any more the burden of kingship. He asked them to elect any one, who in their eyes was best fitted to wear the crown. With one voice, they declared that, as Ismael of his own accord had renounced the office, he should himself select his successor. Thereupon, Ismael said that there was none better suited to the office than Hassan Gangu. All unanimously concurred with him.

Thus, on Friday the 12th of August 1347 A. D., in the mosque of Qutbuddin

Shah Khilji, amidst a roar of vociferous applause, the nobles removed the crown of the Deccan from the head of Ismael and placed it on that of Hassan Gangu. The star of Hassan's fate had shone radiantly bright and transformed his common lot into the golden future of a king.

THE CLEAVAGE

IN the sad bosom of eternity
Let this great cleavage rest! In amity
The grass will grow about it, flowers will bloom
And nod their heads over the silent doom;
Gay travellers hand in hand will by it pass,
Yet will not know the secret 'neath the grass;
The sun will shine upon it, and the rain
Will fill the crannies, knowing not the pain;
The winds will sail by, laughing in their quest
Of fragrance, and the stars serene will smile
Over it as if on the land o' the blest.
Only you and I will know what is
Beneath the smiling surface of calm bliss,
Beneath the benediction of its guile!

Susi P. David

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki by K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent fiirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his premission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding, Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she restores a husband to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness. In her sixth case, she helps Gopalan, a Naidu by caste, and Uma, a Brahmin girl, who are in love with each other. Uma's mother dies suddenly. Gopalan is accused of murdering her, by Sankara Sastri, who also wishes to marry Uma. But Janaki discovers that Uma's mother really killed herself to escape a dreadful dilemma. Uma's father is persuaded to consent to her marriage with Gopalan. Uma, however, persuaded by Sankara Sastri and Sivaram, that she is heir to a legacy of lunacy, runs away. Janaki traces her out, gets the mystery cleared up and gives happiness to the young couple.]

CHAPTER XIII

There came a message one day to Janaki from Sankara Sastri, a most urgent one. "For God's sake, come and help me", he wrote to her. "I have lost my little child, but one year old, a tiny tot, the most helpless creature in the world. I am distracted. I know I have mocked you to your face; but please excuse me. I have always had a respect for you, and I know you are a clever woman. Come at once. If you cannot do anything else, you can at least come and question my women folk, who are in *purdah*, and then we can give details to the police, whom I have not informed yet. Perhaps you are surprised that I already have a wife, and yet wished to marry poor Uma. But, you know that we are allowed to marry more than one woman, and so don't look upon me as a sinner. Come soon."

Janaki's first feeling of repugnance gave way to a humorous sense of toleration, and then came a feeling of pity for the grief-ridden father. She must help him, she felt; but that was not the idea of her husband, who absolutely forbade her to go to Narpur.

"Sankara Sastri is my enemy and yours too now, in spite of all his protestations that he did not wish to marry Uma against her will. Why put yourself in the lion's mouth, Janaki?"

"Because a detective's duty is to help others in difficulties, risking all dangers".

"You are a woman—"

"Yet a detective. I must go, Seshan".

"In that case, my dear, you will probably sign the death-warrant of our quiet happiness. Don't say I haven't warned you."

"You are afraid that I shall be told something against you by your enemy? Seshan, can't you tell me yourself?"

"Janaki, we have made a pact between us to keep our pasts to ourselves, and we had better stick to it."

"You are afraid that I shall disapprove of what you have done?"

"Perhaps. It must be the same with you. Why do you not tell me about your past?"

"I will, I will, if you will tell me yours. Is it a bargain, Seshan?"

"No – no", he said hesitatingly. "I– I am afraid." He turned away. Janaki's heart yearned towards him, and she longed to run to him and tell him that nothing he had done in

the past would matter to her. He would always be her dear hero. But the impulse passed. She wished she could get her husband's consent to go to Narpur; but, being a high-principled woman, she felt she ought to go even without it. She was still old-fashioned enough, however, to be afraid to go alone; so she sent for that safe friend of hers, Natesan; and the two together repaired to Sankara Sastri's house.

That gentleman gave them a most pathetic welcome. After his explanations were over, a *dasi*, (servant-woman) was summoned and Janaki was sent into the women's apartments. She found the Sastri's wife prostrate with grief, and almost in a coma, from which she roused now and then to cry out ejaculations of despair and longing. As far as could be seen of her, she was a pretty young creature, with rather meek and childish features, and rather inclined to flabbiness. Round her stood her women, wringing their hands with sympathetic sorrow, or constantly holding out to her silver vessels with food and drink, which she as constantly refused with petulance. In spite of her pity, Janaki was inclined to smile at the humour of the situation. She sat down by the bereaved woman and whispered some consolation, but most of the time kept a studied silence, for which she had her reward. After a while, she felt curious eyes upon her, and turned to the bed, upon which the other woman immediately veiled her eyes and went into a fresh paroxysm of grief. But Janaki had had her cue. "What a beautiful child it must have been," she murmured.

"Oh, a beauty indeed, and so fair and pretty."

"Just like my lady, and with such quantities of black curls. Why, we had to use so much oil to get them into order."

"And the eyes, so black and big like the eyes of a deer."

"Oh, my poor baby!" moaned the mother.

"When and where was it lost?" asked Janaki.

"See that one there," and they pointed to a corner, where sat a dishevelled girl with dark smudges on her face. "She was the one to blame. She took our *Baba* out for a walk in the palace garden. Suddenly, she ran in shrieking that some man had pulled the baby from her and run away."

"Could not its screams be heard"

"The *Baba* was sound asleep, and the man muffled it in a shawl."

"Surely, he had not time for that, nor had she time to observe all that before she gave the alarm?"

"She said there was another man, who held her tight and covered her mouth and only let her go, when the other had run far."

"There were two men, who held me", mumbled the heap in the corner. Janaki looked keenly at her, while the others took no notice.

"What happened to that other man?"

"He also must have escaped, the while Santi recovered herself and screamed."

"But no men are allowed into the *gosha* gardens, are they?"

"No, and that was why Santi was permitted to walk the child about. But she said the men sprang out from behind a pillar."

"Had the child any jewels?" asked Janaki.

"Yes", chimed in one of the dasis eagerly. "There were two heavy gold bangles, a chain round the neck, two rings on the fingers."

Just then, there was a disturbance; a young woman came in, with a child in her arms, rather dark and with short hair, but a crowing, gurgling, happy babe, pulling at the hair of her attendant.

The lady in the bed sat up with a jerk, and began to scream hysterically. "Take it away, take it away," she cried. "Why do you bring it here to torment me? Don't you know I hate children now?"

The maids hurried the two from the room, but before they had gone out their lady's voice came to them. "Bring it here," she cried. "Let me look at it. Oh, what a pretty child; but look at its dark face and its cropped hair. Mine was far prettier. Wasn't it, you women? Ha- ha- ha- ho- ho! Take it away! And take away that hussy there in the corner. I can't bear to look at her."

Her commands were acted upon. But, as Santi was hustled from the room, Janaki thought she distinctly heard her laugh. Was it a sob though ? No, it was a laugh. But the girl had her head muffled up. Perhaps, she was hysterical.

Then Janaki helped to put the mistress back on her bed and soothe her, after which she left the room quietly. Outside the door, she stumbled on a heap, which proved to be Santi. She raised up the latter, and whispered to her to go with her to the garden. The little maid was quite an intelligent woman, and quickly led the way out.

There, she pointed out the places where the men had been hidden, and where they had attacked her.

" But it is so far from the gate ", said Janaki. " Before the other man, or was it two, escaped, could you not have screamed ? They did not leave you gagged, did they ? "

" No ", said Santi unguardedly, then looked startled and said " yes."

" Which is it ? "

" Well, they– they had held me so tight that I — could not— recover my breath. "

" And so you allowed them to escape ? But, as soon as you ran in, was the alarm not raised ? The palace gardens are always at the front and only gate, aren't they ? Could the walls be climbed ? "

" Yes, no, yes– Oh, I don't know what I am saying. Why do you worry me with questions ? I am not well ", and she made as if to go into hysterics again ; but Janaki hushed her and quietly led her inside and left her. She had not been favourably impressed by the girl's hesitation, her contradictions and her laugh. Surely, there was something funny about the whole business. The only conclusion, however, was that the maid was in collusion with the thieves ; else how could they have got away so easily ?

Janaki had been given a room to herself, but it was just beyond the women's quarters, and so had an entrance into the outer courtyard, but only through a small enclosed plot of garden. Seeing no one there, she sauntered out, and began to walk about. Suddenly, she was startled by a figure, which appeared beside her as if by magic. It was that of Sivaram. He smiled at her pleasantly and began to walk about with her. Janaki heard a giggle from her room, and turning, saw two maids peeping and smiling at her. She turned angrily to Sivaram, but he had begun to talk quietly about the flowers. Janaki had not the heart to send him away, and they had quite a pleasant conversation, which led from the flowers to Tagore, the poets, and then to philosophy and religion. At last, she looked at her watch, and excused herself, as she had to bathe and go in to dine with the Sastri's wife.

Dinner that night was an interesting meal to our detective. The Zamindarni sat against some cushions, a most deplorable figure of woe. She did nothing for herself. Her maids poured water on her right hand into a silver basin ; and then fed her. Before her was set a silver dish with a heap of rice ; and round about were set a number of silver cups and saucers with all sorts of preparations, from which came a most appetising odour. An old servant who Janaki found out later, had been the lady's nurse, took into another bowl some rice, poured ghee on it, put in some curries, made a neat ball, and put it into the hand of her mistress. Janaki noticed that she ate well, and even pointed to some of her favourite preparations. She wondered, however, if the lady had always to be fed. Evidently not, from the signs.

Janaki's own silver platter was placed at a little distance, and she too made a hearty meal. As she was getting up to wash her hand, she saw the Zamindarini getting excited.

" Get that black *Rakshasa* (demon) child here," she called out. " I want to see it, though I hate it. Get it quick."

The babe was brought in. It was in a sound sleep, but the unhappy woman poked at its cheeks, and woke it up. When it cried, she put some sugar into its mouth ; then she worried it, till the child began to scream, when it was sent away. Then, the lady began to moan that she wished she was dead, etc. Suddenly, she asked for Santi. The maid was brought in, still dishevelled and dirty. Her mistress looked crossly at her, but then most

unaccountably asked her to sit down and bade food be given her. Janaki felt sorry for her dislike of the Sastri's wife, who after all must be a good woman. But Santi? What a perfidious creature she must be.

Then, she also went out of the room. On the way, she took it into her head to go into the kitchen, where she could hear a number of women chattering amid the clash of pots and pans and eating vessels. The maids, waiting for their food, were spending their leisure in baby-worship. The infant was awake and gurgling as usual, sucking vigorously at its thumb. Down sat Janaki with the rest, but the chatter had lapsed at her arrival. Absolutely with no idea of laying down the law, but finding nothing else to speak about, she said that children should not be allowed to suck their thumbs for several reasons. Thereupon, she gently pulled the finger out of the baby's mouth. The whole of it was white. "See," she said, pointing the moral, "how hard the baby has sucked it. And who knows what harm all the germs on it will do him."

"Why, madam, why should his finger be dirty? He is too young for that, bless him," said a servant.

"Oh", said another, "but he has sucked it off?"

"What are you saying?" sharply reprimanded a dasi. "What has he sucked off? Don't you remember that he was born with a scar on that thumb? It has always been white." Janaki looked keenly at the dasi, struck by the sharpness of her tone. What was she afraid of? Had the child a disease? "There are some white spots on the face too. Are they birth-marks? Perhaps I can get them cured. Please bring the light here," she said.

But the dasis would not let her look closely at the child. Why were they so careful of it? There was something funny in the affair she thought. Then like a flash came a sudden illumination. Her heart beat with excitement, but she quietened herself. "Why have you cut the child's hair?" she asked carelessly. "It is usually kept long, isn't it?"

"Oh – the mother took a vow – and – and the hair had to be cut."

"Lately?"

"Yes, lately."

"In the temple here, or in Tirupathi?"

"Oh, here. The mother was so anxious about his health".

"Is not this woman the child's mother?" asked Janaki.

"No – no, – She has gone away somewhere. This is her nurse. Our mistress was very fond of the baby, bless her good heart. Now, of course, she hates to be reminded of her own baby by this child."

Janaki went to her room and could not sleep at all, because of her idea. Slowly, she pieced out the problem, and every piece, to her great delight seemed to fit in. After a while, she felt drowsy; but, just as she was dropping off to sleep, she heard a noise at the outer door, a soft scratching. "Who is there", she asked in a whisper, going to the door. "Open", spoke a falsetto voice, and thinking it was one of the maids come to tell her something, Janaki slipped the bolt. Immediately, a man stepped in. By the faint light of the stars, for she had put out her lamp, our heroine recognized Sivaram.

"Oh, go away, go away", she cried.

"No, here I am, and here I stay", said the miscreant.

"What will all the servants think? Please go away, Sivaram."

"All of them expect this, and that is why they have given you this room. Didn't you hear them giggle at us sometime ago? Oh, I have told them things".

"What is there to tell, Sivaram? Please don't flatter yourself that I like you. I hate you."

"Really?" he asked, his face falling. "Are you sure?"

"I am, I am," cried poor Janaki, "I swear it by God. There is only one man I am fond of."

"Your husband?"

"You have said it," she said, bowing her head.

"That cold-hearted wretch? That thief?"

"He never stole me from you. I was never yours."

"I don't mean that. I mean that he is a real thief and a robber."

"What?"

"Yes, my girl, a thief. Has he told you how the brother he adored was defamed by an enemy, thus leading to his death, and the death of the girl, whom he and your Seshan loved? Oh, you are not the girl your precious husband loves. His heart is buried with that girl."

Janaki turned away her head to hide her tears.

"And, in order to take revenge on his enemy, he became a thief, and took service under a man, who managed to deceive him with the altruistic motive that he was robbing rich sinners like his enemy, to help the worthy poor."

"Anyhow, it was a worthy motive."

"Worthy or not, your husband can be punished by law. I have got proofs."

"How did you get them?"

"I – I was one of the band, but nobody had anything aginst me. I am safe. And I promise I shall betray your Seshan to the police, unless you listen to me."

"I must see the proofs. I can't believe you."

"No? Very well. I shall show you the proofs. In the meanwhile, aren't you disgusted with your husband?"

"No, no," whispered Janaki vehemently. "I guessed something like this before, and I still think him a hero, foolish perhaps, but still noble-hearted."

"I see. But you must not be kind to him. Let him think you hate him for his secret, which you have discovered."

"I can't."

"My girl, what is the use of your love to him? He will hear all about your affair here, for everyone knows it, and do you think he will like you for it?"

"You wretch! But I am sure he will not believe you."

"Think you so? Try then. In any case his heart is not yours, I tell you."

Janaki sank down on the floor and wept. Yes, that was the fly in the ointment. She felt a hand on her shoulder, and Sivaram spoke softly to her.

"Janaki", he said, "I am sorry to hurt you, and I shall go now. But I shall show the proofs to you to-morrow. Then you must be kind to me."

"Never; Sankara Sastri will help me, for I have discovered the secret of the baby."

"What?"

"Yes, I have. And now I come to think of it, you must have been at the bottom of this plot. You wished to get me here by a ruse."

"Yes" he said slowly. "I did, and I shall keep you. The Sastri's wife is my sister, and she hates you for taking Uma away from her husband, even though she disliked the idea of a second wife. A curious mentality, isn't it? Sankara Sastri does not know anything about the scheme, but thinks his child really lost. He will hate you for betraying his wife. So you can see that I have you in a trap in every way. Look now what I shall do."

Holding Janaki firmly by the hand, he looked carefully around; then he opened the door into the house, and whispered a name. The tousled head of a woman appeared, and grinned hatefully. He bade her bolt the door from outside. Then pushing Janaki from him, he slipped out of the outer door, and bolted it.

"Now go to your Sastri and tell him", he muttered spitefully through a chink and disappeared.

Janaki did not know what to do. But she was made of fine texture, and soon she recovered courage. Was she, a detective, to be worsted? She carefully went round the room. There were two barred windows at either end of the room, where there were no doors. The shutters were open. She looked out. It was very dark and quiet outside. Then she tried the bars of the windows, none of which shook. What was she to do? Who was to come to her aid? Natesan must have gone home, in response to a message from her. He would come only the next day, and her enemies would give him another message. Seshan would be too angry to come for her, never dreaming that she could be in danger.

She sat silently on her bed. Then, she

saw a faint radiance appearing through the chinks. Dawn had appeared. She washed and dressed and waited. Soon, she heard the movements of servants outside, opening doors, sweeping, dusting, dashing things about. After a while, her door was opened by a maid.

"The mistress wants you to come and take coffee", she said with never a word of apology for the bolted door. Janaki followed her out. As she turned the corner of a short passage, of which there were many in that old house, she got a sudden glimpse of the great gate. She told the maid that she wished to speak to the master. The girl replied that that could be later. But Janaki resolutely went forward, knowing that she was very near the men's quarters. The maid tried to grab her arm. Janaki, however, always quick on her feet, broke into a run, and rushed out into a company of men-servants.

"Hold her, hold her", cried the maid. One of the men sleepily came forward. Janaki fixed him with angry eyes.

"You dare to hold me, and I shall report you to the police", she threatened. The man fell back, and Janaki rushed into a room, which she knew was the same into which she had been taken the evening before. As she expected, it was Sankara Sastri's room. He lay on a bed in the middle of the room, fast asleep. She called urgently to him. He woke up, startled.

"Quick, listen," she whispered, going close to him. "I have found out everything. Your child is not lost. There is a baby in the women's quarters, with cropped hair and dark face. That is your child disguised. Go at once and get him, before he is smuggled out. The alarm has been given. But, before you go, ask them to get a car and take me away."

The Sastri was thunder-struck. He began mumbling thanks and asking for explanations. How could his wife not know the child? What had happened? But Janaki bade him hurry.

So orders were given. Janaki went out, and waited for the car. It was some time before it arrived. As she set foot on the step, she heard a scream from the women's quarters. She hesitated. Was the Sastri punishing his wife? But he was evidently too fond of her for that, and he was a kind man. No, he would not be so cruel. The scream must have been due to his sudden appearance in the harem.

As she hesitated, the old nurse of the Zamindarni, suddenly appeared.

"Go, go," she muttered. "All is well. I have taken the blame and I shall be sent away. But what does it matter? My lady is safe. But beware of her. She is very angry with you. You have captivated her brother, and she thinks you have captured the Sastri too. Go."

Janaki stayed not upon the order of her going, but went. The big gates were closed, and the chauffeur got down to open them. As he was returning to the car, a voice hailed him from the house and he went back. The engine had been left going, and Janaki climbed over into the driver's seat and let in the clutch. The car jerked forward, but before it could gain way, there was a shout and Sivaram had jumped in beside her.

"Oh dear", he panted, "what a race, and what a clever woman you are, Janaki."

"Too clever yet for you, my boy", she retorted. "Sit quiet and don't fluster me, or try to stop me, or I shall turn over into the ditch. My foot is on the accelerator."

"All right, all right, keep on," he growled.

They kept on, but had not gone a mile before they saw a cloud of dust racing towards them. A car loomed out of it and a lifted hand bade them stop. Janaki jammed on her brakes. She had recognised her own car, Seshan was driving and Natesan sat by his side.

"Ah, there you are, Janaki", drawled the former. "I was just coming to look for you. Who is that? Ah, you, Varanasi?"

He got down, and so did Sivaram, to whom he had given that new name. Both stared at each other. Then Sivaram made a strange sign, which Janaki remembered as having seen before somewhere; Seshan responded.

"Remember your oath", said Sivaram.

"I remember; but have you remembered?" asked Seshan.

"I never swore to you, but you swore to me".

"Ah yes", said Seshan bitterly. Then he turned to his wife, and motioned her to get into his car. But Sivaram intervened.

"Just a moment ", he said, " Janaki knows what you have been, for as I told you I have sworn no oath of secrecy to you. She is disgusted, and I am sure would rather not go back with you."

" But I do, I do," said Janaki. " He is my husband, and I stand by him, whatever he has done. Seshan," she said to her husband, " he threatens to betray you to the police, if I go with you. What shall I do ? "

" Come with me, and dare him to do what he likes", growled Seshan, and helped Janaki to alight from the Sastri's car. But again Sivaram intervened.

" Do you know where Janaki has been ? " he sneered. " Do you know who was with her last night ? Do you know that this case was all trumped up, and that all the Sastri's people are laughing at her and her wicked ways ?"

" Oh, Seshan, the case was trumped up, and I discovered its falsity", cried Janaki pitifully. " I was shut up last night, and this man forced himself on me. But I swear he did not touch me. Don't you believe me ? "

" I do, I do," said her husband quietly. "I have always believed in you. As a matter of fact I received a letter from your step-mother this morning, in which she, having heard that you had met Sivaram many times without telling me, told me about your past escapade with him. You have been very foolish, Janaki. Why did you not tell me before ?"

" I have been foolish ", she murmured with down-bent head. " Please forgive me".

" I too have been very foolish ", said Natesan opening his lips for the first time since he had met them that day. " I thought that wretch would not do you any harm. Yesterday, I was alarmed when you did not appear. I started back but did not know how to manage the car. It broke down, and it was only early this morning that I could get a bus-driver to help me. So I brought Seshan to you ".

Seshan put his wife into the car, and turned to his enemy. " Do your worst ", he said, " and bad luck to you."

Janaki sat by Seshan. Very little was said by either of them, or by Natesan. She felt very foolish and childish, but she was glad there were now no secrets between them. Once, she snuggled up a little closer to her husband.

" Have you forgiven me ?" she murmured.

" Of course, and have you forgiven me ? You must despise me for being a thief, eh–".

" A noble thief, " she said.

" You are too good to me ", he replied. "So we are friends, eh, fast friends like before."

How she longed to be more to him than that ! But the shadow of the dead girl stood between. And Natesan behind guessed at her misery and was more than ever silent.

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS

" Abrack "

By C. Koneri Rao Saheb

ONE of the most familiar and most important mineral products of India is Mica. The name *Mica* is derived from Latin *Mico—I shine*—and in every language its sparkling property is used in naming it. Thus in German it is called *Glimmer*. In Hindustani, the name *Abrack* (of clouds or heavens) indicates the lustrous character said to be due to its celestial origin. In Tamil and Canarese and Telugu, it is called *Kaka-Ponnu* (Crows' gold) commonly.

In the *Satyuga*, it was supposed that in

order to kill the enemy of the gods, Indra lifted up his thunderbolt (Vajra) and a flash of lightning spread throughout the length and breadth of the sky, and the sparks that fell on the mountains were preserved in the form of Mica. Hence, as a common term *Vajra* (Bazra) is often used. Whatever may be its mythological origin, it is evident that ancient Hindus not only had knowledge of this mineral, but classified it into four great divisions corresponding to the four castes in the Hindu Society of Brahman, Kshatriya, Vysya and Sudra. Compared with the classes accepted by scientists to-day, the Brahman variety corresponds to *Muscovite*. The Kshatriya described as red is probably *Phlogopite* and the Vysya is described as *yellow* and the Sudra variety is *black* and corresponds to *Biotite.*

Wonderful medicinal properties seem to have been ascribed to Mica, according to Sir Sourindra Mohan Tagore. Ancient doctors seem to have recognized four classes for their purposes, thus the *Peenica* variety when thrown into fire breaks up and taken internally is supposed to produce leprosy. The *Dadura* croaks like a frog similarly treated and produces death, used internally. The *Naga* hisses like a snake and causes fistula, while the *Vajra* is the best of all, removing infirmities of age and preventing untimely death. For a long time, '*talc*' was mistaken for Mica.

"No other mineral and no artificial substance combines the natural properties of mica," says Sir Thomas Holland. There seems to be no other mineral which can be used thus from the most scientific and serious form of it to the most simple and silly. The chief use of mica in modern days is in the electrical industry, where it becomes an insulating medium. Flexibility, toughness, lack of colour in thin sheets, non-conductivity, resistance to decomposition and change, make it practically indispensable. The hardness of mica is generally from 2·3 according to Moh's scale, and from the minerological point of view varies much. For industrial purposes, this has its own advantage and value. Soft mica is used to insulate the copper segments of motor commutators. Briefly considered, the enormous advance in electrical industry is due to the unique properties of mica, which has thus enabled the mineral to play a very important role in war and help in the development of wire-less telegraphy, aeronautical engineering and motor transport.

For insulating purposes, mica is used in the form of sheets, washers, tubes and plates in dynamos, motors, condensers and wireless apparatus etc., too numerous to mention. Sheet mica is used in India for painting and for preserving documents, to mount natural history specimens and the fronts of gas and oil stoves, and for windows and the conning of war ships etc, for magic lantern slides, and fireproof paints, for pipe and boiler lagging (coverings). As a lubricant, it is used for bearings; as a disinfectant, it is an absorbant for nitro-glycerine; for packing as insulators and for roofing purposes it finds extensive use.

Originally mica was exclusively used for lanterns and windows and the name of one variety, Muscovite, known as *muscovy* glass, was derived from Moscow.

Mica is used in men-of-war ships, where the heavy guns are likely to shatter glasses, for fire-screens, in furnaces, for hand-screens for laboratories, for anemometre vanes on account of its rigidity and lightness, and for apparatus testing ventilation currents in mines. Thin sheets are useful for mirrors and reflectors and for photographic work, for some of the musical instruments like the Gramaphone, for telephone apparatus and for many optical instruments. Used as roofing material by Mervyn Smith, a difference of about 15 degrees in temperature was observed. Waste mica was used up to a thickness of ¼ inch. Mica is used in ice-boxes, freezing machines, as a base, i.e., alkali for soap, and in some dynamites. It is also used as fire-bricks when waste mica is compressed along with other articles. This was, it appears, tried by the famous Arbuthnot Company.

It is also now known that mica is tried as a fertiliser with some success. It has no chemical action, but is believed to have a mechanical influence. Coming now to its more common utilisation, viz., for decorative purpose, it is evident that from the time of Pliny this was known under the name of 'Lapis Specularis' and it was freely used in the arenas of Roman Amphitheatres. In America, in the graves of Red Indians, pieces of mica have been reported to be found, showing that some commercial transactions of it existed in ancient times. Two sheets bent like a medieval visor were suspended from the head dress as a safe-guard while travelling.

In weddings, in Moharam festivals for *taziahs*, for sprinkling on umbrellas, fans, toys etc., it is freely used, as well as to give a glistening effect on such occasions, when people paint their bodies to personate tigers, etc. By the name of *talcum* powder now on the market it appears to be used for toilet purposes. U. C. Dutt's *Materia medica* gives a long account of mica used in medicine. Sir Sourindra Mohan Tagore recognises its uses in two hundred and twenty-four ways.

After extraction from the mine in the form of books, mica is first roughly sorted, then weighed and sent to the stores or factories. There it is issued to the cutters, who first split the mica books into sheets, or blades of varying thickness, and useless portions, such as cracked edges, parts with impurities and other flaws, are taken out. Indian women workers are the best in the world, experts in trimming and splitting mica. These are done by shears as in Madras, or by sickle as in Bengal, and given different grades for purposes of commercial classification, the thinner portions, films and small portions which are cut as rounds being separately sorted.

To conclude, in the words of Dr. Penman, Principal of the Indian School of Mines: "Mica is one of the most important minerals produced in India. And India is the chief producer of Mica in the world to-day.

Madras ranks next to the Provinces of Behar and Orissa, and in the Madras Presidency, Nellore district is the most prominent District for Mica."

SUGGESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE

(Continued from last issue)

By SAHODARI

3. CONVERSATION

Miss Sarada sat at her table and addressed her students :—

"Girls, I said that we would take up the subject of 'conversation' at this lesson; but I am afraid that after all, I have not much to say. Conversation really depends on the people conversing, their temperaments, their culture, their moods, and the quality of their friendship, and on the time of meeting. This applies chiefly, however, to the topic, which must therefore vary. There are certain other factors about converstaion, which are somewhat constant. The first is that our Indian girls must forget their shyness, their ultra-modesty, their reserve. Then they must try to be as natural as possible. There are some people, who think it necessary to force talk, imagining that every second must be filled with *jabber* and *gabble*, at the risk otherwise of being thought boring. There are others, who think that witty sallies, quick repartees, quips and cranks, are necessary, in order to keep up interest. I don't say they

are not; they may be needed with a certain type of people, especially those who indulge in flirting and fascinating. Yet, even at the cost of disappointing such, conversation must be natural, witty talk being indulged in only, when suited to the temperament. Sometimes, one has a quiet nature and can only make quiet conversation. Sometimes, impulse steps in and jokes and talks and laughs about any and every subject. In any case be as natural to yourself as possible."

"Do you mean to say we ought to go on talking if we want to, even when we are boring people?" asked a girl.

"No," said Miss Sarada, "that's another point to remember. You must go against your nature there. Don't bore your listeners. You can easily see where their attention is beginning to wander. Well then, switch off, and change the subject. At all costs be *ladies*, i.e., think of the duty to others, so that they may find things pleasant."

"And," said Miss Sundari, the Assistant when you switch off, be careful not to do so abruptly, as if you had noticed their non-attention. Close your subject quietly and reasonably, and take another up gently. At all costs, be graceful and pleasant in everything, not for the sake of showing off your charm, but because you wish to spare the sensibilities of others and not hurt them."

"Quite so. Another point to remember is not to be patronising or superior in your talk. Don't lecture and don't lay down the law. Avoid being a prig. Give others the credit to think them as good as, if not better than, yourself. Therefore, avoid criticism as much as possible, and refrain from gratuitous advice. Again, do not talk for effect, or because you wish to give an impression of cleverness or "lady-likeness." Again, do not set yourself to flattery or open admiration; nor fish for compliments. Don't gush, yet don't be cold or reserved. Be dignified, yet pleasant. Be modest, yet assert your personality. Do not also laugh at others or ridicule them; even though you may be inclined to do so in your own mind, the result will be apparent to sensitive people. There is a tendency among young girls, when they get together, to giggle and laugh among themselves. They may be absolutely innocent of disrespect; but a guest may often feel that he or she is being laughed at. Such an impression *must* be avoided. At the same time, do not be too serious or sober. Another point is not to break off into another language, probably the vernacular, to make private remarks to your own people or to close friends. This is often done in India and strikes one as the height of incivility, and a guest who does not know the vernacular, may easily take the remark as personal. And do not indulge the *Ego* in you. When one feels that one is being listened to, one is inclined to talk too much of oneself. The irresistible tendency often is always to compare oneself with others, or to apply all remarks to oneself. This may be right when reading books, but not in conversation. It is a special point to be attended to. There also you must go against your nature."

"What *can* we talk about then?" asked a student.

"Oh, there are lots of subjects, the weather which is so changeable, books, friends, work etc. The point is to learn to talk yourself and to open topics, and not merely reply to questions. Talk interestingly. For this, you have to be a fair reader, at least of newspapers; you have to be an observer, and you must have a good memory. All such qualities are easy to cultivate. Sometimes, if there is nothing else to talk about in general, lead people to talk about themselves. Towards this, you must take a real and a pleasant interest in the affairs of others. Make yourself interested. Make your friend talk about himself or herself. Lead him or her on, gently, quietly, and kindly. Try to bring out the best in them.

Even if you are a naturally good talker, with a fund of interesting information to impart, you must have the tact to draw in the others into your conversation, so that

they may appear to themselvss to be greater sharers in the talk than they are."

"This leads on to the other point, does it not, Miss Sarada, that you must make yourself a good listener?" asked Miss Sundari.

"Most certainly. The art of conversation includes listening, as well as talking. And here it is that you must be real ladies. Make time to listen, however busy you are; do not be *distrait* or appear distracted by other matters; do not allow yourself to be disturbed by servants. Concentrate as much as possible. Do not appear too bored, even if you are really bored; sit quietly; be reposeful without restless moments; look a person in the eyes when you talk, instead of glancing off, or keeping your eyes away, but don't stare.

The art of listening includes another point, *viz.*, the tact of not letting others cut in unnecessarily into unfinished talk, and yet of not offending them. Sometimes, an irrelevant remark is made, while you are in the midst of replying to another person. The best way is to show this other that you have heard the remark; turn to the first one, finish your talk, turn again to the other, and reply to his remark. Here, not only a good memory, but also the art of strict attention, much patience and tact are needed. One needs to be pleasant and graceful always."

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Sundari, "the art of conversation is easy to learn, if one teaches oneself to see the humour of the situation, and enjoy something in everything. The advice lately given by the Right Hon'ble Mr. Srinivasa Sastriar to students will be of great value here. Let me read it to you. He advocates geniality of conversation, for it means 'a cheerful, lenient, serene and happy outlook on life, which would make people welcome companions.' 'It was not wrong even in this unhappy and miserable world, to pluck what good cheer they could find from things they saw and heard. Let them be centres of happiness. If they would do so, they would lighten labours, which to others seemed far too oppressive and render bearable miseries, which would otherwise dis-spirit them.'"

"Conversation really means unselfishness, altruism with very little of self in it, more of give than a take; and therefore to converse well is really hard. But that is also as much a duty as anything else, say the art of platform-speaking, of writing, of painting, of music, etc. I cannot help feeling that Milton had some such idea in his mind, when he wrote,

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

There, that's all I can think of at present. Shall we practise a little now what we have been talking? Let us break up into different groups and talk".

And so they did, and had a really enjoyable time.

(To be continued.)

"Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers: whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, and all thy worth and constancy."

—*Carlyle*

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Clothes and Legislation

NEVER before, in the history of the world, has the law interfered with the way in which a woman should be dressed, as it does in the modern world. Legislation has hitherto dictated terms to women appearing on the stage, disallowing too scanty dress ; but now, stage women are allowed to appear as they like in certain cities in the world, while the woman in the street is often had up for having too little on, and often do we hear of them being arrested, expecially at public bathing resorts.

Has a woman's mind deteriorated so much then, or shall we say, become so liberal, that it cannot judge the standards of decency ? Why then, should women be compelled to dress according to certain standards by an impersonal Government ? Surely their own instincts and ideals of living should tell them what and how much to wear ?

Instances of women going off the "deep-end", however, are probably causing certain countries a deep-set fear, and inducing them to take precautions. "Prevention is better than cure", runs the old adage, and so we hear that in China, in the Province of Kiangsi, the Provincial Government have laid down the following legislative injunctions :—

1. The length of gowns of women should be about the height of the ankle.

2. The collar should not be too high but the distance between the collar and the cheek must be not less than one inch and half.

3. Sleeves must not be too short, the minimum length being down to the elbow.

4. The openings on both sides of gowns must not be higher than the knee.

5. No woman is allowed to wear tight clothes.

6. Stockings must be worn and legs must not be exposed.

7. All women must comb hair backward and it should not be longer than their necks.

One can expect the future Miss China then to be quite matronly.

Will Indian women ever need the law to regulate their costumes ? They usually err on the side of over-dress ; or, at least, the most modern of Indian girls cannot do otherwise than have her sari reach up to her ankles, unless she gives up her national costume, and takes to Western dress. If, however, the sun craze gets the better of this country, even Miss India may have to be given some legislative injunctions.

—*Sister Susie.*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

I

THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

When we spend a holiday in the country, far away from the noisy town in which we live the whole year round, we often wish that we could take back something with us from the woods and the forest glades in which we have spent so many happy hours. We like to have something to remember the places we have been to; and, years after our holiday in some delightful spot, we like to look back on the cheerful days there and show something

to our friends that still reminds us of those "good old times."

A camera, of course, is the thing to have on a holiday: but then, snaps are common, and almost everyone takes photos these days. Then again, you can collect wild flowers and press them. These live for ever, and always recall past times. I can hear you telling your friends:—

"I collected this rare specimen at C... where I spent a perfectly lovely holiday with my school friend."

Have you ever realised, however, that there is another thing that you can take away with you from a holiday resort, and that is — a walking stick, or rather, to mention them in the plural number — a great many walking sticks, to give to your friends?

There are some places in India, where special kinds of tree, particularly good for walking sticks, grow. If you happen to be spending a vacation at such a place, you can collect a number of sticks, and give them to your friends.

This is how you can make a walking stick. Examine the tree carefully, and choose a good straight branch, with a natural-shaped handle if possible. You should take the thickness and straightness of the stick into consideration. If the stick is slightly crooked, hang it up in a cool place, the handle part uppermost, and with a weight attached to the bottom.

After the stick has dried, remove very carefully the small branches that may be growing out of the sides, and shape the handle; smooth the stick down with sand paper, until all the rough surface has completely worn off. You must of course remove the bark before you start sand-papering the stick.

Then, varnish the stick, and there it is, quite ready for use or for presentation.

Some woods look better if not varnished; but just cut and smoothed down with sand paper. The bamboo, of course, does not need any polishing, and should be left as it is, except that the handle and its opposite end should be smoothed down and shaped.

II

THE MACHAN (A STORY)

It was Gopal's ninth birthday, and his mother wanted to give him a treat, so she asked him what he would like to do on that day.

"I would like to go panther-shooting with Govind this evening, and sit on the *Machan* with him," was his unhesitating reply.

His mother was taken aback, for she did not think that so young a boy could be so anxious to pursue a dangerous sport; but she was reluctant to disappoint him, and so she went and asked Govind, her eldest son, if it would be very dangerous for Gopal to accompany him that evening.

"Not very dangerous," replied Govind, "and anyway, I shall look after him, so let him come. It will do him good."

The two brothers, therefore, got into their car, and Gopal, looking very proud, waved an imposing hand to his little sister, and started on his first shooting adventure.

The range of hills, where two panthers were said to be roaming, working a great deal of havoc among the herds of goats and cattle grazing there, was about ten miles away from Gopals' house. Only that morning, a distressed villager had come to see Govind and tell him that his cow, which had been supporting his whole family, (for he was a milk-man) had been killed by a panther. He wanted Govind to come out and shoot it.

"It is sure to appear at sun-set this evening; for it has only eaten a little of the cow. The rest of it is still lying there."

When they arrived at the spot where a Shikari was waiting for them, Govind left the car under the shade of a *tamarind* tree, and he and Gopal and the Shikari started

climbing a small rocky hill by the side of the road.

Gopal was very thrilled, for although there were not many trees, the rocks were huge, and every now and then he came across an enormous black cave, and wondered what wild animal was lurking within.

At last they came to a little open space in the middle of a number of rocks, where they saw the poor dead cow. There was a small ***neem*** tree near by, only about eight feet high, and in its branches was built a neat little ***machan*** (platform).

"It's rather a low machan, isn't it?" asked Govind of the Shikari. "You see, I'm a little nervous today, because I have brought my small brother with me."

"Oh, there is no fear at all, sir," replied the Shikari, "for master is a good shot, and he will kill the beast before it has time to leap on the tree."

By way of answer, Govind said 'Hum,' and he and Gopal climbed the tree and sat on the machan. As it was only a small construction, there was no room for the Shikari, who therefore went away and said he would return about eight o'clock.

"But the panther will come before the dark," was his final assurance, as he left them.

Then started the vigil. Gopal was asked not to say a word, and not to move a muscle; and silently they watched and watched. Never had Gopal been so excited in all his life; and great was his wonder, when about two hundred yards away, they suddenly heard a roar that reverberated over the hills.

Govind dug Gopal in the ribs. "He's coming," he whispered; "Keep perfectly still, and don't be frightened," and he took his twelve-bore in his hand. Beside him lay his rifle, fully loaded.

The sun had sunk behind the hills in the West by now, and it was dark, except for a very faint moon, and Govind felt a little nervous for Gopal, for he had no torch with him and knew he would not be able to see the animal properly. But he was determined to make the best of a bad job and trust to luck.

There was dead silence for a few seconds, and then, suddenly, they heard a rustling, and some scraping noises, and by the faint light of the moon, a huge beast could be seen crouching over the kill; then the noise of crunching could be heard.

Gopal uttered not a word, but he wondered why his brother waited instead of shooting. At last, a loud report rent the air, and a roar from the beast below told Gopal that it had been wounded. In another instant, however, he felt the branches of the tree shaking, and saw Govind peering over the edge of the machan.

"He's coming for us," whispered Govind. "I could not see in the dark, and he's only slightly wounded and very angry."

Gopal's hair stood on end with fear; but he said not a word. In the meantime, they could hear the brute prowling about below them, and feel the tree shake, as it tried to climb it. Automatically, Gopal clutched the unused rifle, and held it ready, the while Govind stooped over the edge of the machan and fired the second shot in his twelve-bore at the infuriated beast below. But the angle was bad, and before Govind could reload his gun, Gopal saw a dark mass leap at them. Closing his eyes, he pulled the trigger of his rifle, and was thrown back on his brother's arm with the terrible kick.

"What have you done?" cried Govind; but there was no answer, for Gopal had fainted with fear. But there was also no sound from below, and looking over, Govind saw that the panther lay dead beneath the machan.

By this time the shikari had come with some villagers, and Gopal was roused from his faint with the aid of some hot tea, which they had brought with them in a ***thermos***.

"What has happened?" were his first words, as he opened his eyes, and looked into his brother's anxious face.

"Why, old boy," replied Govind, warmly grasping his hand, "you shot the panther and saved our lives." Whereupon, Gopal promptly shut his eyes again, but only for a few seconds.

It is needless for me to recount the joyous home-coming and the hero-worship with which the boy was regarded by all at home.

"The boy has pluck" said Govind, to his mother that night. "And I'm often going to take him with me here-after,"

— *Punkajam.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

"WHAT shall we do after dinner?" This is a problem that often worries a good hostess. True, there are many women, who think their sole duty to their guests consists in providing them with a good dinner, and leaving the rest of the evening to be spent in desultory conversation. There is nothing more boring than to be invited out to dinner, and to be expected to keep on talking light talk, after the meal is over. The hostess must remember that a man or a woman is on his or her best behaviour at a dinner-party, and that conversation must be carried on in as animate and enthusiastic a fashion as possible, in order to keep the party going. Too much of it, however, always palls. During the meal, people must talk; but why not draw out an interesting programme for the after-dinner period?

Music is an entertainment a hostess very often resorts to, when she is too lazy to trouble about anything else. This is all very well, if a really good musician happens to be one of the guests, or if the host or hostess themselves are particularly gifted; but what can be more painful than to listen to a whole number of mediocre performances given by reluctant players and singers?

"It's your turn next," exclaims the hostess, turning to poor trembling Rohini, who shivers, and with cold fingers approaches the piano, while all the guests, stifling yawns, pretend to be interested. Rohini would much rather not show off her skill, for she has not practiced for many days, and has no wish to treat her audience to a whole series of discords and mistakes; but there you are! She has been brought up not to make a fuss, and must make the best of a bad job— and so it goes on, an amateur concert, in fact!

I have heard people often mutter, "Oh, I hate going to Mrs. X's house. It's such a bore. She is a rotten organiser."

Is it not the duty of every hostess to make her guests as happy as possible; and, to do this, should she not organise some amusement for them? She should have select parties, and not dump a whole number of people together just to finish her duty and be done with her long-due dinner party. Those musically inclined can be asked for a musical evening. Bridge friends can be invited together, and the philosophically-minded can be asked to continue lengthy perorations even after the meal, while theatre-goers can be taken to a good show after dinner.

To be a good hostess is an art in itself, and does not consist in merely ordering a good meal and seeing that the service is excellent and that the butler does not upset the soup on the favourite evening dress of a distressed guest. It must be so arranged

that a guest is reluctant to leave, for he or she has had such a good time, and the host and hostess are loth to say *goodbye*, for they have also thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

—*Paddy.*

OBSERVATIONS

(1) Women Doctors

The part played by women doctors in maternity work is recounted in the *Journal of the Indian Medical Association.* In 1882, in response to an article in the Contemporary Review, about the necessity for a special women's medical service in India, Mr. Kittredge of America, with the help of Parsi gentleman, collected subscriptions to bring experienced women doctors from America. In 1883, Mr. P. H. Cama, another Parsi, offered to build a hospital for women to be under women's supervision. The Grant Medical College and the Bombay University admitted women pupils on the same terms as men. In 1883, Dr. Pechey, a qualified lady doctor arrived from America; and in 1884, Dr. Charlotte Ellaby came from England to help her. In 1886, the Jaffer Suleman Dispensary and the Cama and Albless Hospital were opened, and women patients hastened to the latter from temporary hospitals. The first women to take a non-matriculate three-years' course at the Grant Medical College, were Miss Malabari, a Parsi lady, and Miss Bradly, an Anglo-Indian. The first woman to take a matriculate five years' course was Mrs. Walker Sharp. Later, Dr. Franey Cama took the same course. In 1889, there were ten such qualified women, most of whom turned their attention to Midwifery, thus inaugurating the present efficient service of women doctors.

(2) Japanese Women

We gather from an article in *Dai Vippon* quoted in *Modern Review* that the Japanese woman is devoted to the honour of her family, especlally that of her husband. It is to be noticed that many Japanese women are trained, not only to keep house, but also to take part in other difficult tasks, such as even that of sea-diving. Japanese women have always excelled in water-sports. They have also been famous women in fencing and *Jujuitsu.* In physique, therefore the ordinary Japanese woman is almost equal to a man.

In literature, they were advanced even so far back as a thousand years ago. The secretaries at the Emperor's Court were often women, from whom we get some important literary contributions, which are still carefully kept. Some of these are "*The Inner Court Tidings*", and the "*Wakas*", which are short poems of thirty-one syllables, as well as stories and dramas...the two most famous of the last being the "*Story of Gengi*" by Murasaki Shikibu, and the "*Mukuranososhi*" by Seishonagan.

In drama, they were also advanced four hundred years ago, for a famous actress, Tzumo-no-okuni, acted on the stage in a play which is the foundation of the present '*Kabutsi*' plays of Japan. In art also, Japanese women always have had talent.

In modern days, Japanese women are given good scope to exercise their capabilities. We hear the names of women, such as Miss Aitomi, well-known on the track and field, and Miss Maehata in swimming.

* * * *

We have lately been sent for review a small novel called "*The Idiot's Wife*" originally written in Bengali and later personally translated, by Dr. N. Chandar Sen Gupta, a well-known novelist of Bengal. (Price 8 annas at G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras). The book deals with the social and domestic life of Bengal and as such is of much interest. Narayani, though only 13 years old, is yet a clever and far-sighted girl, decided and yet vivacious in all her doings. Unfortunately, her scheming father, gets her married to an "idiot," who is

the son of a rich Zamindar. The young bride, though so young, is imbued with that deep wifely chastity, which is supreme in India, making women so constant and devoted and really fond of their husbands, however unworthy the latter may be of them. Narayani, from defending her husband to save herself humiliation, comes to prize that husband as her own possession and later loves him possionately. She actually educates and improves him in health, in dress, in conversation, in deportment, in thought, and in conduct. She wins the hearty approval of her father-in-law. She fights for the rights of her family against the arrogant assumptions of her clever brother-in-law. Matters proceed even to high legislation; eventually Narayani wins her case, but alas, her husband falls ill, and, in spite of the most careful nursing, dies. Before his death, Narayani herself is large-hearted enough to get his estranged relations reconciled to him. Later, however, when her husband dies, she loses all interest in things temporal. She feels strangely at peace, for she knows that death must come to every one. " All her worries had ended with the life of one man".

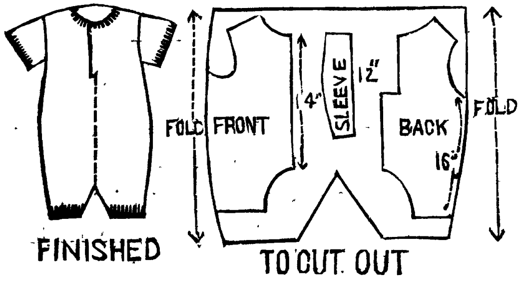
Though style and language in translation leave something to be desired, the story is a gripping one and of human interest.

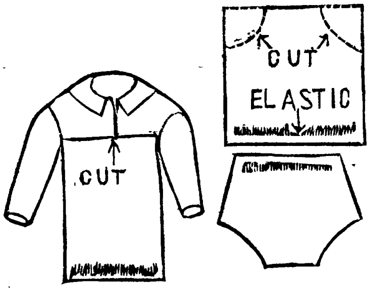
Needle Work Notes

By Mrs. Purushottam

Very good combinations for children can be made from old-woollen or fleecy knickers, as shown in sketch. All edges are to be blanket-stitched, the front opening finished off with a strip of calico. Only one button and buttonhole are needed.

The part mostly worn being the sleeves, cut these off, then cut straight across. You now have a square; cut off the two corners and hem around, join across the middle. Get a half-yard of knicker-elastic and run through the hem at the bottom. A useful warm pair of knickers is the result, to fit a child two to eight years old.





Cookery Notes

By Mrs. Purushottam

Scotch Pancakes:

Take 3 table-spoonfuls of flour, 1 of sugar, ½ tea-spoonful cream of tartar, ½ tea-spoonful bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg, a pinch of salt and a little milk. Mix together to a stiff batter, heat frying-pan and grease lightly, drop in the mixture in spoonfuls and fry to a light brown.

A Cake-making Hint :

When making a cake-mixture, cream the butter and sugar, then add a small quantity (about 1 gill) of milk, and beat well, then add the desired quantity of flour, gradually beating all the time, and adding eggs as mixture thickens, finally adding baking powder. This method makes a more spongy, lighter mixture than by adding the milk last.

A tasty Supper Dish:

Slice some raw potatoes very thin and put a layer of slices in a pie-dish with pepper and salt, then a layer of onions and a little grated cheese. Repeat the process till dish is full, cover with milk and bake for one hour.

COMPETITIONS

OLD COMPETITION

The prize of Rs. 20/ offered by the '*Indian Ladies' Magazine*,' for the best essay on "What sort of Education is needed for Indian Women?" has been awarded, and sent, to

MR. GOVINDLAL D. SHAH,
1280, Kanjidiwan's Lane,
AHMEDABAD.

This essay will be published in the November—December issue of the Indian Ladies' Magazine.

A NEW COMPETITION

We announce a prize of Rs. 10/- (ten only), for the best scheme (a design in drawing must be sent,) of furnishing a sitting-room with a given number of articles. (1) Comfort (2) convenience (3) spaciousness (not too much or too little), (4) coolness, (5) lighting, (6) social facility, (7) refinement and beauty, (8) harmony of East and West, (9) economy, must be considered.

Competitors can use their discretion in the kind and material of furniture and accessories, and in the dimensions of the room. The latest date of receipt is November 15th, 1934. Each attempt must be sent with the following coupon of the Indian Ladies' Magazine.

COUPON.

In submitting my design for the prize of Rs. 10 awarded in the November-December issue of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, I agree to accept the decision of the Editors as finally binding.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

July

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2. G. Narasimham Naidu Esq., Udayagiri.
3. Miss Paru Kutty Amma, Kottakal,
4. Secretary Dyal Singh Library, Lahore.

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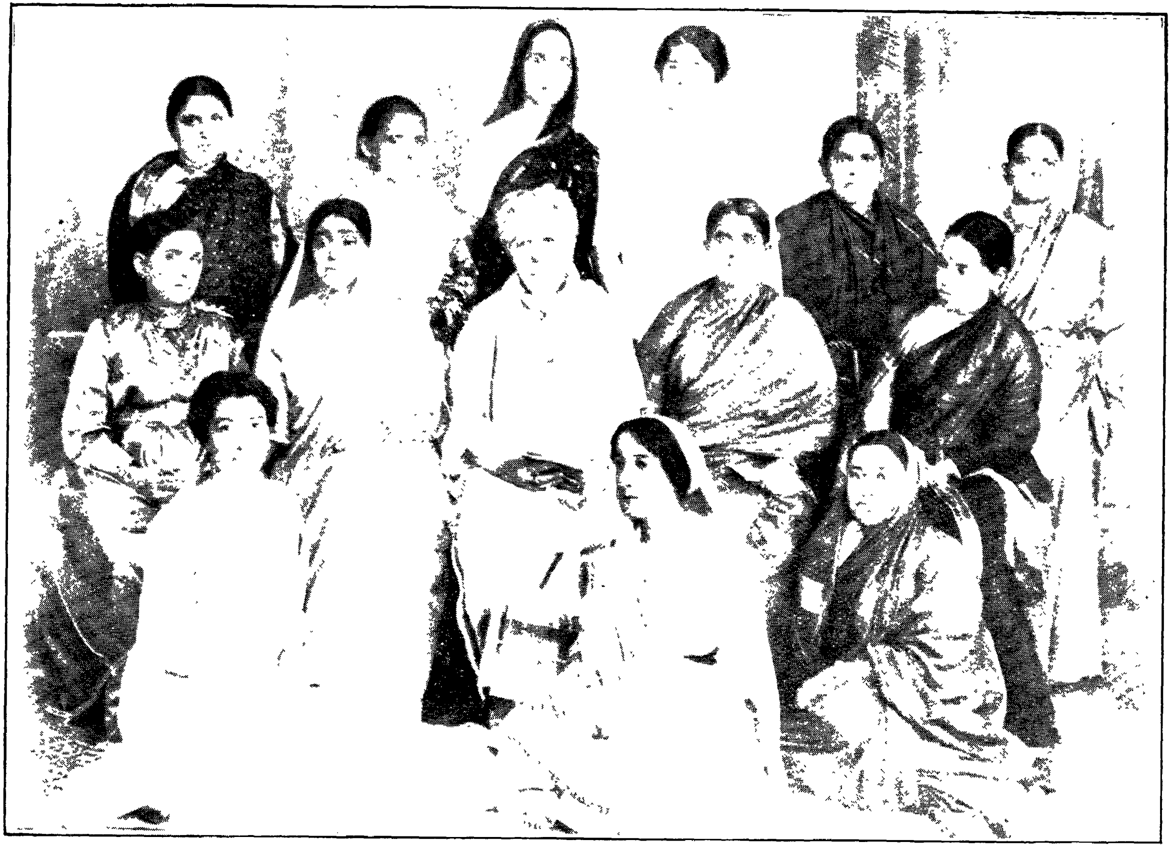
Errata : For 'Come back with your *Shift*, or on it' in page 244 read 'Come back with your *Shield* or on it.' We regret the mistake.

Editor, I. L. M.

THE ALL INDIA WOMEN'S DEPUTATION

18th December, 1917.



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☞ *Please see page 228.*

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